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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

UNION SPEECHES

DELIVERED IN ENGLAND

DURING THE PRESENT

AMERICAN WAR.

BY

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,

OF BOSTON, UNITED STATES,

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD," "YOUNG AMERICA IN WALL STREET," "YOUNG AMERICA ON SLAVERY," "SPREAD EAGLEISM," "REPLY TO THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN," "OBSERVATIONS ON STREET RAILWAYS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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The profits on the sale of this book, are to be devoted to the establishing of the "London American," the only American Organ in Europe. It is a Newspaper pledged to support the Laws and the Constitution of the United States, and has already done the Country good service during this ungodly Rebellion, in upholding the honor of the Federal Flag.

Philadelphia:

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, No. 306 CHESTNUT STREET.

LONDON: JOHN ADAMS KNIGHT, 100 FLEET STREET,

AT OFFICE OF THE LONDON AMERICAN.

1862.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by

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TO THE

AMERICAN PEOPLE,

As a Slight Tribute of Respect,

FROM ONE WHO APPRECIATES THEIR

DEVOTED PATRIOTISM AND DAUNTLESS COURAGE,

AND HAS FULL FAITH IN THE

PROMPT RECONSTRUCTION,

AND

ENDURING PERMANENCY

OF THE

UNION.

PREFACE.

Mr. Train has collected and kindly permitted me to republish in book form, the several speeches delivered in England during the past year, which have been so extensively copied by the American Press, and have won for him a time honored reputation in his Native Land.

Many of the events that have taken place, it will be seen, were foreshadowed in these speeches long in advance, and the Union Sentiment that prevails will show how well the Country was represented, at least by one Loyal American, who had the moral courage to express his opinions, although at the risk of sacrificing his extensive interests in England. The speeches are printed as they originally appeared in the "London American,"—Mr. Train's time being too limited to revise them, and erase the numerous repetitions that must inevitably appear when so many speeches have been delivered in so short a time upon the same subject, but as he has generously presented the entire profits that may arise from their sale, to establish on a permanent basis an American Journal in London, I may be excused for any errors that may appear from this hasty compilation.

JOHN ADAMS KNIGHT,

Office of the "London American,"

100 Fleet Street, London.

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TRAIN'S UNION SPEECHES.

JOHN BRIGHT AND FINANCIAL REFORM.

[*From the Northern Daily Times, Liverpool*, 1859.]

[This speech is worthy of recording in order to awaken attention to the outrageous Ocean Postage System, where some twenty thousand dollars a ton are charged for letters.]

In the absence of a distinguished gentleman, John Bright, Esq., M. P., who was to respond to the toast of the evening—Mr. Train was suddenly called upon by the chairman, Mr. Charles Millner.—Gentlemen, this toast is to be responded to by a gentleman on my left hand, and I shall not anticipate the observations which he will make, but will simply say, that although not a citizen of Great Britain, yet, having lived in British colonies and under British rule, he thoroughly understands the political constitution of Great Britain, and he can tell us something, too, of the political institutions of the United States. I call upon you to give him an impartial hearing, quite satisfied that he will tell us some truths worth the knowing. In conclusion, gentlemen, I beg to propose the toast of "Mr. John Bright," coupling with it "Parliamentary Reform," and I call on my friend Mr. George Francis Train to respond to it. (Cheers.)

Mr. George Francis Train, of America, rose to respond, and was received with loud cheers. He said:—I know not why, Mr. Chairman, you have thrown so Royal a mantle over my shoulders when others surround me, so to the manor born it would fit them and suit you better. I like responsibility, but to respond to the sentiment on which you have called me up is weightier far than chartering ships or negotiating contracts. This noble welcome almost makes me forget where I am or what to say. Forget that I was born in another land, in a distant country, forget that I am a citizen of England, for by your courtesy and your cheers you have made me one of you. (Applause.) What have I done, where is my right to this high honor? 'Tis true, I was active as a merchant in despatching ships here some ten years ago. That I paid large sums of money to your docks, your merchants, your bankers, and your tradesmen. It is true that I took a deep interest in your commerce when I was among you, and the hospitalities which were tendered me I never forgot, when serving in other and far-off lands. A boy in New England, a youth in Old England, a man in Young Australia, I know something of all the Saxon lands. In an English colony I was asked to represent the diggers in the council, but I was not a politician. I was simply a merchant; not an English merchant, but an American merchant; and as a colonist, I was an advocate for Reform in pilotage, Reform in tonnage dues, Reform in the sales of land, Reform in the modes of transacting business. The Australians will give me credit, while not mixing in their local politics, for being a reformer in the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce, on the land question, and the Liverpool merchants will also give me credit for being a reformer in removing some of the restrictions upon their shipping! (Applause.) If that is why you thus honor me, I accept the honor, but decline, as I did in Australia, to interfere in your politics or your government. If I can respond to the toast in an off-hand way, I will do so. You permit it—I proceed. Americans like John Bright, (Hear, hear.) Senator Douglas told me he considered him one of the ruling minds of Europe. I like the man; I like the speaker; I like the matter that he speaks. In the intellectual forest, Mr. Bright is an oak;—(cheers)—among the animals, a lion! in commerce, a steam-ship of two thousand horse power! a Mont Blanc among the mountains; and among the nations—he is England; if his reforms will benefit England, I hope that it will

succeed. With his name I see connected Parliamentary Reform. Now I must, in speaking to it, ask you to remember, that I am not a politician. I am a merchant. I make books. I make speeches. I write letters, but not as a politician, only as a merchant; and in speaking of Parliamentary Reform, I will respond to it as an American —and only as an American, as a guest, and not as a member of your association. In a few words I will define my position. If Reform means placing men in Parliament who will cultivate American friendship, who will disdain to misrepresent her; who will bear towards her the affection that America bears to England; who will study her geography; examine her institutions, appreciate her progress, and not slander her character—if Parliamentary Reforms means to elect members that will spend a hundred pounds or so, and run the risk of a little sea-sickness on the water, and a little extract of tobacco on the land by visiting America—If that is one of the virtues of Parliamentary Reform, you may count on me as one of your most enthusiastic supporters! (Cheers.) The people of America want to know the people of England—I wish you knew us better, and we wish to know you better. Reform is the offspring of knowledge. Reform means improvement—a desire for something better. There are many things that I wish Mother England would reform in—but none more than reformation in her opinions regarding America! I want her, as a matter purely experimental, to turn her *philanthropy* to Africa during the next ten years, and buy our cotton at present prices. In other words I want her to look through the practical eyes of commerce instead of the theoretical glasses of Exeter Hall. (Cheers.) Englishmen and Americans do not meet often enough over the social board. I believe in the aristocracy of good dinner, but more in the aristocracy of intellect. The physical treat should be hidden in the shadow of the mental. I believe in the aristocracy of good nature, the aristocracy of good fellowship, the aristocracy of a good hearty laugh, and would advocate that aristocracy in Parliamentary Reform that would remove all taxes on the mind. (Applause.) I should say to the statesmen, Tax the belly—not the brain! Remove the tax on knowledge, but tax bachelors, tax widows, tax young men parting their hair in the middle, tax crinoline, and, above all, tax grumbling, but remove the tax on paper! (Laughter and applause.) Here is a field for Parliamentary reform. Why pay out of your pocket £2,000,000 for education, and then force half of it back again in taxing the chief agent of education—paper! I am a free trader. Free trade in shipping, free trade in finance, free trade in theology, free trade in education, free trade in newspapers, free trade in parliamentary reform. Remove the tax on paper and everybody would read, editors would write kindly about America, and people would become better acquainted on this matter. I gladly reply to the toast John Bright, and Ocean postage reform. Remove the taxes on newspapers. Remove the high protective duties on letters, and be a free-trader in the expansion of the mind. Why is it that Englishmen know so little of America? Why is it that members of parliament like Mr. Roebuck cannot come within 30 per cent. of any American statistics—as to number of States—or number of population? (Laughter.) It is because that England takes our money for her iron, her coal, her manufactures, and we take hers for our cotton, our sugar, and our tobacco, but the free trade in geography, and in history is all on our side, simply because she needs some Parliamentary Reform in removing the tax on knowledge—by reducing the Atlantic postage—and the tax on paper! No other land, barbarous or civilized, in this respect, follows England's example. Strange as it may appear, England is the only place on the face of the globe that levies a tax on paper! (Hear, hear.) Through the courtesy of Charles Mackay, of the *Illustrated News*, I was present as a correspondent to the *New York Herald* at the delegation that waited upon Lord Derby. I heard Milner Gibson, Chambers, Frazer, Cassell, and others plead their cause, and I was surprised to see the coolness and the boldness with which a Prime Minister would dare to snub a hundred editors. "You have told us nothing new—and the treasury is short—good morning!" (Laughter.)

The Press is greater than the Commons —the Lords—even the Sovereign! The Press, said De Tocqueville, is the only engine that can place the same thought before millions at the same time! When Sir Robert Peel removed the dead weight from the springs of trade in 1844, industry prospered, and the revenue was more than recovered. So would Lord Derby find it with the paper duty—more newspapers—more magazines—more printed matter would require more paper mills and more workmen. Prosperous workmen buy luxuries, and back comes the revenue. Painters were afraid of photography—now thousands of artists are employed. In reality, the Press is the first, not the fourth estate; and as Dr. Mackay said at the Washington anniversary in London, on Tuesday last, "The Press should be first on the list, not last." But the noble Earl smilingly bowed out the delegation—and I saw these words in a hundred editorials on the perceptive faculties of a hundred editors, *remove the paper duty, or we will remove you!* While responding to this im-

portant toast, I have one equally important to propose. I am an advocate for reform. I would sweep out the corners—brush down the cobwebs—scrub up the floor—clean out the Cabinet—and put the House in order. (Laughter.) This can only be done by association. It is the Creator's law—united we stand—dissever we fall. Association is the lever that acts upon the balance of reform, and removes the Augean accumulation of abuse. Insects move in masses—fish in shoals—birds in flocks—animals in herds—fruit in clusters—trees in forests—so the association of virtuous men can make an empire more rapidly than an association of vicious men can break one. (Cheers.) Free discussion is the way, says Macaulay, to winnow the grain of virtue from the chaff of vice. While none respects the advanced in years more than myself, I believe in the united action of young men. I soon discovered, in moving among the world's leaders, that, as many clerks are cleverer than their employers, so many secretaries furnish brains as well as hands for their ministers. (Applause.) Think well of yourselves; your fathers did it before you. The old Chinese proverb says, that if a man is not tall at twenty, strong at thirty, wise at forty, rich at fifty, he will never be strong, tall, wise or rich. I like Liverpool, I like London, I like Old England; but I do not like to see her misrepresent her best friend—Young America. I like your pavements, your policemen, your penny postage; but you are pound foolish upon the Atlantic, though penny wise upon the land. *I advocate parliamentary reform in the Ocean Penny Postage, I am a free-trader in thought and in letters—in pamphlets, in printing. One shilling the half ounce on a letter to America is a serious tax on knowledge.* (Hear.) *Thirty-six hundred pounds sterling is too exhorbitant a freight to pay for one ton of letters! Reform is wanted here; and John Bright is the man to oil the wheels of legislation, and bring the two countries together by an Ocean Penny Postage.* (Cheers.) Before proposing the sentiment of "The Reform Club of Liverpool," I want to ask of it one favor. While your are reforming your weights and measures—while the Central is working its way on the Corn Exchange, and decimals are being introduced in selling grain, preparatory to displacing the cumbrous machinery of pounds, shillings, and pence—while Parliament is agitating political reform—I am anxious to see some reform in the education of your children—reform in your school houses. It is morally wrong to place in the hands of your children a geography that devotes but one half page to the United States of America! (Hear.) Children should be taught that Americans are not all Filibusters and slavedrivers—not all practisers on the bowie knife and spittoon. How many present can tell me the population, the number of States, of the Union? Who knows of our progress in canals, in railways, in education? Who is aware that America has 3,300,000 square miles, and forty-one States and Territories, while all Europe has but 3,750,000 square miles, and fifty-five States and Territories! (Hear.) Reform your school books, and teach your children that the only true friend you have on the face of the earth is America! While the four millions of armed men point their bayonets towards you from Europe—because they hate your freedom, while the volcano of discontent is seething, boiling and bubbling on the Continent—let England turn towards America, who loves this old land as much as England will permit—and there she will find more true friends than among those of a different language, a different religion and different institutions. (Applause.) Whatever may take place on the morrow, England and America will be strong and steadfast friends. Gentlemen, I give you what I should have proposed before I occupied so much of your time—I give you the sentiment of "The Reform Club of Liverpool, success to it and may it prosper." Mr. Train resumed his seat amid loud and prolonged applause.

"YOUNG AMERICA" ON DISSOLVING THE UNION.

[*To the Editor of the London American.*]

[This letter, written a year since, before the great uprising of the Union men of the North, shows graphically Mr. Train's power in foreshadowing events.]

Dear Sir:—How about the Comet? Where is Dr. Cumming? Elements war with elements! Opinion fights opinion, and General Nightmare commands the World's forces! Men's minds are unsettled, and people are growing madder and madder. Old institutions, like old vases, smash with the slightest touch of the hammer. One hemisphere competes with the other to see which shall produce the most excitement. The pit is delighted, and the dress circle is amazed. Such audiences the world never saw. Political earthquakes everywhere shake the nations. One wonders to see the sun shine amid such war of elements, wreck of matter, and crash of thrones. Asia shakes

as with the palsy—Europe quakes with the volcanic fires of revolution. Syria swept off the Christians in a single night, like grass before the locust, or cattle with the murrain! Never before were such stakes played for; and the bystanders seemed more excited than the players. Garibaldi, not satisfied with conquering ten millions with his company of red shirts, is loading his guns to redeem some other nations, while Mazzini is preparing the cartridges. England all the time is calm as a May morn, while the Gallic Emperor amuses himself by skating.

While the fire slumbers in the unexploded shells of European politics, the armies rest upon their expectations to gaze with astonishment on the strange scene in the Western World. Wheels of finance are getting clogged; wheels of commerce are being blocked, making merchants look timid and bankers look blue; when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of—accommodation paper; all talk America; leader after leader thunders forth from the British Press, showing love of America by rebuking Secession. England, however, takes advantage of our quarrel to bag Anderson, which she would not have attempted three months ago. Had he been a white man, he would have been given up at once. Why is it that England feels more deeply injured at the loss of one negro than at the butchery of a thousand Chinese?

As our nation rose with one voice to show love of England in welcoming England's heir, so England shows friendship for America by praying that we may hang together, even though it may be necessary to let a few hang separately!

All talk the American crisis. Go into Belgravia or Lombard Street, and Americans battle with Americans, representing their respective States, in explaining to the English the merits of the question which none of them understand. I laugh at danger, and tell them, with Governor Banks, that there can be no peaceable dissolution. When two people make an agreement, the contract is not broken because one objects. Man and wife cannot be separated without Sir Creswell Creswell's edict; neither is a Sovereign State out of the Union because she has voted herself out. Our National school of forty scholars is not broken up because some of them are playing truant for a day or two; wait till the Federal master discovers that the rules are disobeyed, as he has already begun to do. The terms used now are too mild by half. Secession is *Rebellion;* Nullification is *Revolution;* Disunion is *High Treason;* and Disunionists, whether Northern or Southern, are *Traitors,* and should be shot!

It seems but the other day, that I penned the following thoughts in the concluding page of a small book on slavery, written for publication in England (where I proved that American slavery for the black and just the reverse for the white man, was a stepping stone from African barbarism to Christian civilization). They were aimed at the Benedict Arnolds of my own land as well as the Judas Iscariots of foreign countries, and were strong enough for the most violent pro-slavery man.

These men may yell for dissolution, but they must not touch the Union of our States. No Northern abolitionist or Southern fire-eater dare *act.* The constitution allows them to *talk,* so let them howl and scream. Let them rant, and swear, and curse. The Union will live in spite of the death-rattle croak of the Union-destroying knaves.

No, the Union is safe; mark the vision; the acquaintance; the courtship; the doubt and fear; the association of States; the dowry; the children; the grandchildren; observe how they cling to the parent stem; the constitutional oak; how small the acorn and how massive the tree; how deep-rooted the trunk, and how wide-spread the branches; like the great banyan in Calcutta's garden, towering high in the air, our American banyan stands out, the patriarch of the race. Note its hundred branches, like a general with his officers, regiments, and companies; like an admiral, with flag-ship and fleet. The Union is safe, in spite of those who would do it harm. Virginia, the first, is the centre of a hundred States.

America bathes her feet in both oceans, and laves her brow in gulfs on either side. Oceans, lakes, gulfs, valleys, have been joined by canals, steamboats, railways, and telegraphs, all binding the Union of my native land. Friendship for England is strong in America. I want England to feel the same toward America.

The age of painting; the age of gunpowder; the age of printing; the age of Newtonian philosophy; the age of Napoleon's conquests, may have passed, but the age of our Union's brightest history is to come.

Dissolve the Union!—Never! When the sun shines at midnight, the moon at midday; when nature stops a moment to rest, or man forgets to be selfish; when flowers lose their odor, and trees shed no leaves; when impossibilities are in fashion, the Union may be broken!

Dissolve the Union!—No political fire can burn under any party crucible with sufficient intensity to melt the rock on which the nation stands!

There may be men base enough to rob and murder, steal coffin-plates, and strike women, but how degraded must be the criminal who could calmly witness the disruption of these sovereign States?

Dissolve the Union! How is it to be accomplished? How divide the national flag? Who takes the stars, who the stripes?

The Bunker Hill Monument is at the North, will the South share it? How are you to cut asunder the Rocky Mountains; the Alleghanies? and how will you divide the Grand River? who takes Niagara Falls? who the Mammoth Cave?

Dissolve the Union!—Destroy our mother! trample on our father's tomb! desecrate our children! God forbid!!

What will they do with the *pine* of Carolina; the *elm* of Ashland, and the *oak* of Marshfield? Who takes the trunks, who the branches?

Dissolve the Union!—What! divide the Constitution? Which half for the northerners, which the southerners? And, great God! what will they do with the Declaration of Independence? Rash men, forbear! for before that dark deed can be perpetrated, you must divide the grave of Washington!

Dissolve the Union!—Who will pay the public debt? who is to have the National arms? How is the army to be divided? How the Navy? How are you to manage West Point? and what will you do with General Scott?

Dissolve the Union!—Will each State take back her marble block from the Washington Monument? What is to be done with the National Library? How arrange the relics of the Exploring Expedition? Who takes the Patent Office? Is the free trade in revolution to settle the question of the capital invested in custom houses!

Dissolve the Union! Never; so long as there are sects in churches; weeds in gardens; disputes in families; wars with nations. No, statesmen of Europe, you may reason, you may sneer, you may hope, but that cannot be. Your thrones, your courts, your governments will fall and crumble into ruin long ere that day when the New World commits the national suicide, which you have daily predicted for over eighty years!

Dissolve the Union!—Statesmen of England, you know not what you say; when we fall you will die; when John Bright is President of the Republic of Great Britain by universal suffrage of a contented people; when Congress obliges by law an American President to marry a European Princess; when the Pope leases Faneuil Hall for his city residence; when Alexander of Russia and Napoleon of France are elected senators from Arizona; then, statesmen of England, there may be some hopes that your wishes may be realized of seeing the dissolution of the United States of America; but not till then! Englishmen should remember that the children of America are taught to look upon the Union of their country with the same sacred respect that the children of England are taught to look upon the person of their Queen.

Dissolve the Union!—What, raise a tornado in the politics of the land! Bring on a whirlwind around our statesmen; a typhoon among our States! a national earthquake, to destroy with the volcanic fires of party strife, the grandest fabric ever raised under God by the hands of man! What will they do with the Capitol? The treasury buildings? And who shall have the White House, the National home of sixteen Presidents? Who will take hail Columbia? who the Star Spangled Banner? How dispose of the National Eagle, and pray who is to claim Yankee Doodle?

Dissolve the Union!—Impossible! would there be two Republics, or two Kingdoms? Would they be friends or foes? Which would be grander, the twenty millions or the eight? and when the two governments send their ambassadors to foreign courts, which will be the most respected, the representative of the white man, or the black.

Dissolve the Union!—Stand off all ye ranters; ye traitors; ye parricides; ye coward statesmen; ye craven hearted knaves, leave alone the Bible of our political faith. Thus far I have lived a life free from taint. No man, however anxious, can find a blemish on my character; but were the Union of my native land a cord, and the power of dissolution vested in one man who would consent to do so black a crime as sever it, I would crawl on hands and feet from State to State, and if fair fight would not arrest his falling hand, I declare unto you disunionists of the South and disunionists of the North, I would assassinate him!

The Republican words—*Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!* under a free translation, signifies to-day in France, *Infantry! Cavalry! Artillery!* In England, *Steam! Gas! Electricity!* While in America we have no meaning but *Union! Constitution! Country!*"

The foregoing, Fourth of July after dinner thoughts, I wish to modify so far as the assassinating paragraph is concerned. I find on the principle therein advocated, I should have my hands full, and consider that absence of body, these disunion times, is far preferable to presence of mind. The fact is, I am not a fighting man, and have always had a presentiment that on the field of battle I should be shot in the back, hence, always respected the Irish soldier who saved his life by buckling his breast-plate on behind! When I talked so loud about slaughtering people, I didn't mean it, I was playing the game of brag. Barking dogs never bite. This applies with no more singular accuracy to my case, than to the belligerent Vikings of the North, or the fighting orators of the Palmetto State. *Two merchant steamers,* manned with *three rifled cannon,* and *one hundred thousand pounds,* voted for an army to fight the more or less United States, will explain to strangers the imminent danger of twenty millions of Union men. Major

Anderson, single-handed, is equal to the entire force of the mutineers.

The mere smell of powder makes me turn pale, so I hasten to retract that assassinating boast, for fear some Carolinean call me out, when no doubt I should prove my coolness by shooting my second through the head. The fact is, the North and South have gone far enough to prove their pluck, and nothing will do them more honor than to show the white feather. Do you want to fight? No! Then come on—explains the exact sentiment on both side. Emerson thinks it singular that Americans should have, instead of water on the brain, a little gas there. Every four years they blow off steam, but their fighting is reserved for strangers.

The thunder-bolt drives off miasma; storms purify the air; the clash of flint and steel creates sparks of light; snuff the candle and it burns the brighter; so the war of words in the West may produce peace and concord among men.

All the Federal Government have to do is to bottle up a few of the rattlesnakes that have crawled into the eagle's nest. Beacon lights signify that safety is near, as well as warn us against danger. 'Tis always darkest just before day. Rome may not be the only republic saved by opportune cackling. The signal gun of disunion is worth fifty millions to the country. The Hartford Convention gave half a century's lease to the Constitution, and the Secession cry will renew it for a hundred years more. Stack the wheat sheaves together, said Seward, at the New England dinner, and the wind may blow in vain. Now is the opportunity to oil and repair the machine that has been working for over eighty years.

Repeal the Personal Liberty Bills, and let the question of climate settle the question of slavery. We have been legislating twenty-five years for the blacks; I like the whites best. It is no more than fair that once in a while majorities should rule, and it is time that our thirty millions of white men were cared for. I repeat, let the question of climate settle the compromise. When slavery ceases to compete with free labor; when England ceases to buy eighty-four per cent. of our cotton; when abolitionism is really honest, we can again turn to abusing each other. But *now* let us shake hands and be friends. The vane on St. Paul's changes with every wind, but the old cathedral stands the blast of ages. Let the one represent our party politics, let the other speak the strength of a united nation.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

London, January 28, 1862.

CELEBRATION OF THE 129TH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON, IN LONDON, 1861.

[*From the London American of February* 23, 1861.]

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

At Fenton's Hotel, St. James's Street, Mr. Train gave a dinner to several English guests. We have reported for our columns the speeches of the gentlemen present, which will *speak* for themselves. Special interest attached to the event, from the present disturbed state of the nation, which the wisdom of him whose memory they celebrated was so largely instrumental in establishing, and from the fact that a large portion of the company were English Legislators. The report occupies a large portion of our space, but we are certain that our readers in every part of the world will peruse it with interest.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

"Young America" entertains Old England.

We have no doubt that our friends on both sides of the Atlantic will read as a matter of interest the following report of Street Railway "Train's" dinner on Washington's Birthday. We cannot do better than give, as an introduction, the rather novel circular placed before each guest on taking his seat at table:

"Dinner given by Mr. George Francis Train to the following gentlemen, February 22d, 1861, at Fenton's Hotel, St. James's Street, London, in remembrance of the Birthday of Washington:

"There rests the man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his nobler mind;
There rests the soldier who his sword ne'er drew
But in a righteous cause, to freedom true;
There rests the hero, who ne'er fought for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's name,
There rests the statesman who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsel from an upright heart,
And, O! Columbia, by thy sons caressed,
There rests the Father of the realms he blessed,
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;
But when retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disowned a crown."

GUESTS.

Hon. Major Anson, M. P.; Rt. Hon. Viscount Bury, M. P.; Robert Baxter, Esq.; Lord Colville, of Culross; Hon. Lieu.-Colonel Coke, M. P.; Colonel Dickson, M. P.; George Cruickshank, Esq.; Hon. R. H. Dutton, M. P.; S. C. Hall, Esq.; Tom Hood, Esq.; Robt. Wm. Kennard, Esq., M. P.; Coleridge Kennard, Esq.; Mathew Marshall, Esq.; Horace Mayhew, Esq.; Charles Makay, Esq., L.L. D.; W. A. Makinnon, Esq., M. P.; Z. Pearson, Esq., Mayor of Hull; Sir F. Slade, Bart., Q. C.; Digby Seymour, Q. C., M. P.; Geo. Augustus Sala, Esq.; Colonel Taylor, M. P.; Anthony Trollope, Esq.; James White, Esq., M. P.

The cloth having been drawn,

The Chairman rose and said: My Lords and Gentlemen, deeply do I feel the honor you have done me by so promptly responding to my call. A more distinguished party of gentlemen never graced the social board; any person would have been honored by being invited to meet any one of the guests. Each one is a feature, an individuality, a representative man—chiefs of parties, chiefs of reviews—poets, painters, and bankers. (Hear, hear) Some score of the cleverest men in England. (Hear and laughter.) Men of mark, men of action, who, I trust, will together throw off the dignity of the House of Commons, forget the jealousies of literature, and make up their minds to enjoy themselves by eschewing frigid formalities, and remembering that good nature makes glad the hearts of all. (Applause.) As this is a social gathering on a great national holiday, and as I have been so fatigued with hearing my name associated with one of the modern ideas of progress, I ask as a particular favor that no gentleman present will mention the subject of a Street Railway. (Laughter and cheers.) I am glad to have the opportunity of telling you of a great change that has come over me lately. I was once under the impression that you were jealous of our progress, and would like to break us up, and that Lord Palmerston delighted to slap us in the face when European politics got too hazy; but I now see that I was wrong. America, I feel confident, (arising from temperament more than ill will,) would not have behaved as well as you have in case of political difficulties in England; although 'tis true that our flags were at h lf-mast throughout the land in honor of the great Havelock, (cheers.) and the country arose as one man to meet the noble Prince—the proud heir of the grandest Queen (cheers) the world has ever witnessed. (Applause.) And when the handsome Boy King stood uncovered at the grave of the chief whom we honor ourselves by remembering to-day, the history of past enmity only made stronger our future friendship. (Cheers.) I take back what I have ever said about England's jealousy; for your Queen, your Ministers, your Parliament, your Press, your People, have shown the true dignity of a great nation by a shower of heartfelt sympathy at the temporary troubles that make so misty the politics of the West. This meeting to-night proves the true feeling that prevails. One and all wish us well, and say heartily, let there be everlasting union among our States, (cheers,) so as to cement for ever the union of England and America. (Cheers.)

A union of lakes, a union of lands,
A union of States none can sever;
A union of hearts, a union of hands,
And the flags of our Union for ever and ever,
The flags of our Union for ever.

(Loud cheers.)

Gentlemen, you see but three toasts upon the list, in order to allow the volunteers (for this night only,) to share honors with the regular army. (Laughter.) The London Press is not represented by their reporters, but there's a chiel among you taking shorthand notes, and he will print them in a pamphlet, (laughter,) and, to make no mistakes, tell no party secrets. I hope each speaker will revise what he has to say before he says it, (laughter;) and bear in mind no gentleman can leave the room without a speech, a song, or a sentiment. (Laughter and hear, hear.) But to the toasts. On the 22d February, 1732, a great man was born. His birthday has come round again, and English Lords and Commoners are reverencing his name to night. I give you, gentlemen, The British Subject of 1760; the British Soldier of 1770; The British Rebel of 1776; The American General of 1780; the American Statesman of 1783; the American President of 1792; the World's Patriot of 1799. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, the toast which, as is our custom, I ask you to rise and drink in silence is, George Washington, the first President of the United States. The toast was drunk in silence.

The Chairman: You wait eagerly to give a bumper to the next toast upon the list—and well you may. All lands and every people know it and honor it. Even my friend, George Cruickshank, should drink a bumper, though a cold water bumper it may be, to the first lady in the land—the happy Queen of England. (Applause.) Americans in England, or in America, or in distant climes, no matter where the flag waves, are as fond of your queenly Queen as you are. So drink deep, gentlemen, to the accomplished daughter—the faithful wife—the noble mother—the magnificent Queen. (Cheers.) We admire her for her great talents. We adore her for the good example she sets to the women of the world. We respect her for the dignity with which she presides over her people; and we love her—in America as well as you do in England—we love her, because,—yes, gentle-

men, because we cannot help it. (Cheers.) The toast is, Victoria, the Queen of all the British Empire. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, that won't do—not loud enough—three more that shall make the welkin ring; for this is a toast that must not be shirked. (Continued cheers and applause.)

The Chairman: I hurry on, Gentlemen, because I see how anxious you are for those brilliant speeches that are impatient to break upon you. Those Armstrong guns, ready for instant action. (Hear and applause.) I regret that the great hero of the Punjaub, the Saviour of India is not here—Sir John Lawrence—detained, I am sorry to say, by the illness of his child; and here are other regrets which you will pass along the table, from names well known in the world of letters, and the path of fame. [Here the Chairman placed upon the table a folio of letters from various distinguished men, apologising for non-attendance:—]

Among which were letters from Lord Ellenborough; H. C. E. Childers, M. P.; Russell Sturgis, Esq.; Capt. Mayne Reid; Lord Bishop of Jamaica; Lord Shelburne; Wm. Scholefield, Esq., M. P.; Hon. A. Kennard; Hon. Judge Haliburton, (Sam Slick;) Townshend Mainwaring, Esq., M. P.; W. H. Gregory, Esq., M. P.

We noticed among others from Lord John Russell; W. Mackinnon, M. P.; T. Milner Gibson, M. P.; John Bright, M. P.; Hon. J. Yorke Scarlett; Thos. Baring, Esq., M. P.; John P. Kennard; M. B. Sampson; Joshua Bates; John G. Elsey; Don Jose de Salamanca; M. Alphonse de Lamartine; John T. Delane; Wilfiam Hepworth Dixon; and other "men of mark."

The Chairman continued,—

But the wine of intellectual intoxication will now begin to flow, as you will be convinced the moment the eloquent Lord Bury gets upon his feet. (Cheers.) The President of the United States—not disunited yet. I give the toast just at this particular time with great pleasure, as I consider the present trouble worth fifty millions sterling to the country, as it kills the absurd slave abolition mania, and gives the country another fifty years of prosperity, when we shall be ready to burst up again. (Hear and laughter.) While respecting the past, I prefer the coming man—only two weeks of the toast belongs to Buchanan—all the rest is for the *rale* President. The handsome Mr. Lincoln—(hear, and loud laughter)—who will maintain respect by compelling deference to the Federal forces—a President who will

"Impress upon our youth a horror of his crime,
Who dares to touch a prop of this, our edifice sublime.
While some base factions strive to preach Disunion through our land,
Upon the Constitution rock let patriots take their stand,
On that sure refuge from the storm we safely may rely;
And with the Union let us live, or for the Union die."

The Chairman: The orchestra has done its duty, the curtain rises, and the play commences. Remember the standing order—a song, a sentiment, or a speech, from every magnate present. (Hear, hear.) A flow of music and a feast of soul, as the poet puts it. (Laughter.) Some time ago, I made a voyage across the ocean with a gentleman that astounded all on board by his wonderful talents. Whether in writing leaders for the "Asiatic Lottery," the name of the journal which his fair and accomplished wife edited on board, reciting English verses, or singing French songs, battling with me on the slave question, or discussing the growth of cotton in India, this young member of the House of Commons made a mark in that voyage that will be lasting. I know you want to see him up, and you shall, for I ask his Lordship, Viscount Bury, to stand to the guns and start the eloquence that only waits the bidding. (Loud cheers.)

Viscount Bury: Sir, I took the liberty of making an observation to my friend on the right, a short time ago, that it was a most extraordinary fact that we were a very silent company, but that we should be all roaring with laughter in less than five minutes. We are roaring now, but I hope we shall roar still louder. If anybody in the world can make every one enjoy himself, it is the great apostle of spread-eagle-ism at the head of the table. You must have observed before now, that the gentleman at the head of the table is pre-eminently distinguished for one particular quality, and that is, his pre-eminent modesty. (Loud laughter.) That is the quality by which he has made his way through the world in the extraordinary manner that he has done. I believe he was born in New Orleans. His restless spirit led him, before he was a year old, to Boston. He became too big for Boston before he was fourteen. He became too big for Australia, where he went to from Boston, before he was twenty-one. He afterwards revolutionized China, and opened the way for our commerce there. He then introduced a few improvements into California, and now he is going to revolutionize this country; and he is going to do it through the medium of a machinery which he has forbidden us to allude to, and which, therefore, I must not speak about. I have heard a great deal lately about "the great social evil," and I have been told the social evil is street-walking. It follows that street riding is the great social good, and this Mr. Train is going to introduce. I have now, sir, nearly completed the five minutes which is the time I am limited to by the bill. As you have done me the honor of drinking my health, I beg to propose that

of our entertainer, Mr. Train. (Loud and continued cheers.)

Mr. Chairman: I would suggest that each gentleman who gets on his feet, should, before he sit down, *call out* such gentleman as he chooses, and in that way the *ball* will be kept continually moving. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, Lord Bury has alluded to something which probably you may have noticed before—it is the peculiar characteristic of our people. If there is anything we are pre-eminently noted for, it is our national modesty—(loud laughter)—and I should have been in extreme difficulty to-night, with this unassuming disposition—(continued laughter)—but that I feel, as I stand before you, that I throw myself on the generosity of the twenty-two to twenty-five-inch heads of the many intellectual gentlemen round this table. Gentlemen, I will say nothing of myself, except that if any State leaves the confederation, I would rather come back to this old land and country, and buy about six feet by four of real estate to lay my bones in. (Hear, hear.) We are not going to break up these States; but should any one of them leave the American Union, in less than twenty-four hours I will become an English subject.

Viscount Bury: And I will naturalize you with all the honors.

The Chairman: Mind, I say, if even one State leaves the American Union, I cease to be an American. The Union was the acorn, the Constitution the flower-pot in which it was planted, in the days of Washington, who wonders that the startling growth of the nation has burst its enclosure, and loudly calls for more room and wider law. The constitution must be revised and adapted to ALL the land. Disunion, gentlemen, is impossible. (Loud cheers.) I like the people of this country; I like Old England. You have got the start of us now; we were neck and neck before, and it will take us a little time to catch up; but one of these days we will be again under full steam. Yes, dear Old England, wherever she may go, will stand pre-eminent among the nations. I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind words, and I propose, as a sentiment, "The Lawyers of England," and I call on my friend, Mr. Baxter. (Loud cheers.)

Which was followed by eloquent speeches from the following gentlemen—(vide shorthand report in London American): — Dr. Mackay; Mr. Geo. Cruickshank; Mr. Geo. Augustus Sala; Mr. White, M. P. for Brighton; Mr. Digby Seymour, Q. C., M. P.; Col. Taylor, M. P.; Sir Frederick Slade, Bart., Q. C.; Mr. Wyld, M. P.; Lord Calville, of Culross; Hon. Major Anson, M. P., (Aid-de-camp to Sir Hope Grant); Mr. Tom Hood; Hon. Lieut. Col. Coke, M. P.; Mr. Pearson, (Mayor of Hull); Mr. Horace Mayhew; Mr. Robert W. Kennard, M. P.; Mr. S. C. Hall; Hon. Ralph H. Dalton, M. P.; Mr. Coleridge Kennard, (Banker); Colonel Dickson; Mr. Francis Fuller; and others.

During the evening, a letter was received and read from W. Mackinnon, Esq., M. P., author of "History of Civilization."

The party did not separate till after one o'clock; and it was unanimously admitted to have been one of the most agreeable evenings ever passed in London—fraught with happy incidents and a genial flow of soul, which will long live in the heart of every individual present.

YOUNG AMERICA ON THE "AMERICAN CRISIS."

[*From the London American of May* 1, 1861.]

At the inauguration dinner of the London and Provincial Discount Company, April 27, at the London Tavern, the Chairman, (the Sheriff of London,) in most friendly terms gave as a toast "Our Transatlantic Brethren," associating therewith the name of Mr. George Francis Train.

The toast having been received with vociferous cheering—

Mr. Train, on rising, said—There was no mistake about your being in earnest; and I may tell you that I am not surprised at your cheers, for Englishmen ever meet Americans thus—(cheers)—and I am glad to say that Americans in America never lose the opportunity of showing love for England when an Englishman is their guest. (Applause.) Let us ever join hands thus, and always wish each other well. (Hear and cheers.) Your Chairman asks me for an opinion on the crisis, but if I give it you must prepare for warm and earnest words. I believe that a gigantic hoax has been sent us from over the way—I do not believe that Fort Sumter has been taken. (Loud cheers.) Sift the despatch—see how absurd are its sentences. Forty hours' bombardment—soldiers fighting like devils, and no one killed or wounded—(hear and laughter)—not a man reported to have lost a feather.—(Laughter.) Again, the fort is said to be

on fire, when it is made of solid New England granite, and has not wood enough to make a decent fire. (Hear, hear.) Then, Major Anderson is outside on a raft with buckets of water to throw in. Now, as the walls are some sixty feet high, and the top is arched with stone, that would be difficult —(laughter)—and just imagine five thousand ladies sitting on the house-tops at midnight to see a gallant Major throw water—(roars of laughter)—throw water into the breaches.—(Loud cheers and laughter.)—Again, after this terrific fight, he quietly sits down to dine with the traitor, General Beauregard. You see, gentlemen, how absurd the story. Besides, an American officer would be hacked to pieces, inch by inch, before he would surrender to a traitor.—(Cheers.) An American garrison would not raise the white flag though starved into cannibalism. (Loud cheers.) If Major Anderson gave up the fort, he did it by order of the Government, or else he is in league with the Southern traitors, and like them ought to be hung or shot. (Hear, hear.) You are much more likely to hear of the burning of Charleston by the Northern fleet than a march on Washington. Europe may well look astonished at this monstrous conspiracy, where cabinet ministers blindfolded the President—sent off the war fleet to the uttermost parts of the world—changed the admirals, and placed the army officers where they could serve their nefarious designs. 'Tis shameful to call these damnable traitors by the soft name of disunionists; they ought to be stigmatized as parricides and murderers. (Cheers.) I hail the civil war as a happy omen, and I hope that to-morrow's steamer will bring advices that one thousand traitors have been shot, two thousand traitors have been hung, and three thousand traitors have been crippled—(loud cheers)—yes, maimed for life. (Loud applause.) At last we have a President, a Cabinet, a policy, and foreign representatives. Such men as Seward, Blair, Cameron, and such will as Lincoln has, will shortly prove the majesty of our Union government. Two hours after Lincoln was in the White House, I believe that orders went over the world to send back the frigates, and you will see our men-of-war shortly popping at every southern fort—(hear, hear)—a dozen frigates and transports are already in the Gulf—and soon the flying artillery will be sweeping over the plains of Texas, and the brave General Houston, at the head of his Rangers, will show Richard to be himself again. (Hear, and cheers.) Lincoln will make the South conquer itself. When the reign of terror subsides, the Union men will spring up in the seceding States, and property will speak—for property is always conservative; and when the people rise on the wicked men who have misled them, you will see how quickly the Robespierres, Marats, Dantons, and Mirabeaus—I beg pardon of those good men for the comparison—(laughter)—will be swept off like the filth of a great city by the wash of the sea.—(Cheers.) The Union party is speaking, and when the great North condescends to act, there will be energy in the land. For fifty years we have permitted the South to govern us, but the unfaithful steward is discharged, and twenty millions will no longer be dictated to by six millions. The North is rich, active, honest, industrious. The South is feeble, as you will soon see. Landseer's celebrated picture shows exactly the state of affairs. I allude to that painting of "Dignity and Impudence." (Loud cheers.) I have three little children, and were they to-morrow to enter my library, one with bugle, one with drum, and the other with his little musket, to attack me in my stronghold, I assure you I should not fear the result. (Cheers and laughter.) In this case I represent the North—(cheers)—and hate treason so much that could I bring a cannon with slugs and grape to bear on the Southern Congress, when all the foul traitors of the league were present, I should be delighted to touch match and blow them into the world where they hang traitors' heads upon the gates. (Cheers.) I believe that, ere many months, that blackhearted traitor Jefferson Davis, will be publicly shot, privately hung, or a fugitive from justice in this country. (Hear, hear.) You alluded to the tariff—that question you do not understand. Our entire revenue from customs is but twelve million pounds; yours is twenty-six million pounds—who, then, exercises the most free trade? Your idea of reciprocity is, take all your goods free of duty, and give you our cotton for nothing. (Hear, and laughter.) Your Exeter Hall sympathy for the negro died when you felt the cotton was in danger. You charge five million pounds duty on our tobacco, and yet talk of free trade! There are so many representatives of the press present, I wish—but am I not speaking too long? (No, no, go on!) I say here is an idea for a leader! Let England and France speak on this question—speak out, and not wait results. Let their ministers at Washington say to the Southern President, we will give you no sympathy, expect nothing from us. Although we love cotton as our lives—(loud laughter)—we will never acknowledge a republic based solely on the oligarchy of negro slaves. (Loud cheers.) Make the best terms you can with the North, but expect no word of admiration from us. Gentlemen, I thank you again, and assure you, as I sit down, that our country will be stronger than ever. But what will you do with the South? Why, gentlemen, what do you do when you get a rat in a hole?—(laughter)—

why, stop up the bunghole, of course.—(Laughter.) I have spoken manly, because I love my native land—my native hearthstone—my native country. Much as I may love England I love America more — so much so, my disposition leads me to go away from you—(No, no)—to leave the great idea I have taken up of introducing a carriage for the people. I say leads me to go home—(No, no)—and offer my services to the President. little though they may serve him; and I know I express the sentiments of every true Union man. (Cheers.) The real fact is, the thieves of the late cabinet and of the late party set the house on fire in order to cover up their atrocious burglaries; but terrible will be the vengeance bye and bye. Your pardon once more, and my thanks. Don't judge hastily; don't judge by reading Russell's letter to the *Times*. He is obliged to take the Southern view, or he would be tarred and feathered before he got within sight of Charleston. (Laughter and loud cheers.)

SUCCESS OF AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE.

[*From the London American of May* 6, 1861.]

The Exeter and the Plymouth papers give glowing descriptions of the formal opening of the Exmouth Railway, on Wednesday last, May 1st, 1861, by a grand festival. We copy from the *Western Times* the speech of Mr. Geo. F. Train, who was the guest of the Hon. Ralph Dutton and the Directors of the London and South Western Railway.

Mr. Train (the celebrated originator of street railways), having been called upon, rose and said: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—At the close of one of your many able speeches this day you said England expects every man to do his duty, and I may also add so does America. (Cheers.) If an English gentleman calls on an American, at his social board, he will arise, I can assure you, in military order, even if he has nothing to say. (Cheers and laughter.) Gentlemen, you have given me a toast to propose—"Success to Agriculture and Commerce." I am very glad to have the honor of proposing such a toast, and I feel especially honored by your putting my name forward to propose so important a sentiment. As far as I am concerned I have never done anything for agriculture, although I was brought up on a farm. (Laughter.) But, so far as commerce is concerned, I have been a merchant in all the great Saxon capitals—firstly, I was at the head of a house in Liverpool, ten years ago, with a dozen clerks under me; secondly, I had charge of a great shipping house in Boston, with two dozen clerks to look after (applause); and, lastly, I raised the flag in Melbourne, Australia, with some three dozen in my staff. (Loud cheers.) More than a hundred thousand tons of shipping were consigned to my house in two years, and what is better—although I did not return any great dividend on many of the consignments that were sent to me—(laughter)—I managed to make my commissions amount to some £19,000 in fourteen months. (Cheers.) Melbourne, you see, sir, after all, is not "the bourne" from whence no traveller returns! (Laughter and cheers.) I am very glad to have this toast of agriculture to propose, because it has given me the opportunity of visiting the beautiful part of Devon, of seeing this beautiful country and its beautiful scenery, those beautiful headlands, this beautiful river, and Captain Mangles might have added, your beautiful women also. (Cheers and laughter.) I have often heard of this picturesque part of England; I never was so astonished in my life, as when I came to this country to find you so great in every thing agricultural. (Cheers.) It looked to me like a gigantic garden, of all kinds of fruits and flowers. (Cheers.) And, as far as commerce is concerned, you have only to go down the shore here, some fifty miles or more, and see where the commerce of this country was born, at the time when you despatched the Mayflower—(loud cheers)—that established, on the other side of the ocean, the nation which has almost outgrown its robust constitution. (Loud cheers.) You have only, I say, to go back to that little vessel of a hundred tons, or more, and trace commerce in its wonderful progress, from that little one-decked boat to the gigantic steamer that is, on this day, and perhaps at this hour, leaving Milford Haven to sail o'er the same race-course—(loud cheers)—to the other side of the world. (Applause.) The growth of these two vessels is certainly emblematic of the rapid strides in prosperity of commerce. (Cheers.) That shows what the commerce of England is, and we know well what its agriculture is. (Hear, hear.) I am only very sorry that you are obliged, every year, to import a hundred million bushels of corn to keep your people from starving. (Laughter and cheers, and Oh, oh.) It is a fact that you import a hundred million bushels of corn yearly. I am very glad we

have got it for you when you want it. (Cheers.) And I can only tell you that we are as willing to sell it to you, as we were willing to give it away. (Cheers and laughter, and cries of "Oh, oh.") You say "oh, oh," gentlemen, but I only ask you to go back a few years in your history, at a time when large quantities of your people were suffering—when grim Death was staring hundreds of thousands in the face in the Sister Isle, and subscriptions were taken in every State in the country—when we filled our ships of war with corn, and our war captains and war mates came over with it—then it was that we sent over something of our agriculture, with the good will of our people with it, to Cork and to Dublin, at the time of the Irish famine—(loud cheers)—and proved as we did on the recent reception of the son of your noble Queen—(loud cheers)—that Americans have heads to think, and hearts to feel when a kindred people are suffering. These are the things that bind us together—(cheers)—and I am convinced by the way you welcome me that you wish us well over the great gulf that gaps between the two sections of our land. (Loud cheers.) I see by your allusions that you wish me to touch upon the delicate question that agitates us. (Loud cheers.) The Mayor of Exeter alluded to the happy and perfect union of Exeter with Exmouth. I am glad that there are no disunionists, thank God, in this country. (Cheers.) I assure you I believe in the eternal union of our States. (Hear, hear.) We are having a little bit of trouble over the water just now, but it arises from accident. (Laughter.) We have an enormous surplus population. You get rid of your population by getting up a little war just when you want it. ("Oh, oh," and laughter.) As we are not a filibustering people—(much laughter)—I say, gentlemen, as we never have a war, it was necessary for us to invent something in order to get rid of the great surplus population of the country. (Laughter.) We invented railways and Mississippi steam boats; and we supposed that, by judicious management, these high-pressure inventions might get rid of some of them. but I tell you that the invention has proved a gigantic failure. (Laughter.) It is a notorious fact, that we have not had so many accidents in twenty years, on our railways, as you have had during the past twelve months. (Laughter, and cries of "Oh, oh!") War has at last come upon us, and already it has become a standing joke in the country—that we have invented a new kind of war, fighting without killing anybody—forty hours of bombardment and no bloodshed. (Hear and applause.) You will by-and-by perhaps know why. For fifty years the North was too busy in making factories, launching ships, planting corn, and educating her children—(cheers.)—to find time to govern the land. Besides the Northerners could not afford to accept salaries and wear epaulettes, well knowing that a certainty in life was paralysis to ambition. (Hear and "True!") Therefore we let the South furnish our army officers, our navy officers, our foreign consuls and ministers, and for half a century all our Presidents. (Hear.) We treated them like spoilt children and gave way to their unmanly complaints, till at last we found that the ship of State was allowed to go to ruin, that the timbers were rotting, that the crew had robbed the cash-box and stolen the cabin furniture—(loud laughter and applause)—and that the captain was a pirate and the mates were thieves. (Lound cheers.) We found that the Democratic party had sold itself to the South, and demoralized the country, and then the North spoke, and Lincoln is now the General Jackson of our time. (Hear.) Gentlemen of England, let me assure you that cotton is no longer king—(laughter and hear)—in fact it never was, is not now, and never will be king. (Hear.) We grow in the North a product that cattle feed and sleep upon, larger than all the boasted cotton of the South—I mean the hay crop of the free States. (Hear, hear.) It was of greater value last year than all the cotton, tobacco, sugar, and rice grown in all the Slave States in 1860! (Loud cheers.) The corn crop also of the North last year was valued at £100,000,000; the cotton crop was not half that. (Applause.) As I am speaking to the toast of agriculture—(cheers and hear, hear)—let me tell you that while the cotton crop of the last census was but £28,000,000 the total agricultural products of the country were £540,000,000! and, so far as wealth gives value to a State—little Massachusetts—my own fair State—that has always been first in peace, as she has ever been, and will ever be, in war—(cheers)—is rated in that census as worth £25,000,000 more than all Virginia, including all her negroes and the large sum that her traitor son, she loves so well—Floyd—stole from the Government coffers. (Laughter and cheers.) The State of New York alone has more wealth than all the seceding States together. (Hear.) The contest will be short, sharp, and surprising. The South is without mechanics. Their present munitions of war were stolen from our arsenals. Take these from them, and what can they do. They cannot clothe their soldiers, nor grow their food—no gold in their banks—no corn in their granaries—and only *two millions* in the Southern Pirate Confederation, against the twenty millions of patriots of the Union Club. (Cheers.) The North commands the sea and the Mississippi; the Federal Government has the fleet, while the South has 5,000 miles of unguarded coast and not a man-of-war. Secession is repudiation—a new way of paying old debts. Capitalists lending

money to the insolvent firm of the Seven Pirate States should not forget that two of the senior partners were Florida and Mississippi, while the captain of the pirate gang was the chief apostle of repudiation. (Cheers and applause.) Despotism and anarchy are twins. Revolvers and bowie knives, assassination and Lynch law were capital raw materials to manufacture into rebels, parricides, and traitors. (Applause and hear.) But these words are too weak to do justice to the subject. These bad men are as much worse than common murderers as the man that stabs his own wife, strangles his own sister, murders his own father and mother, and destroys his own children, is more vile than the man who only wars against the stranger! (Loud cheers.) But wait a little longer—there is a good time coming. Let the cohorts and the legions of the North pour down upon the conspirators, and they will scatter like polecats before a prairie fire! (Laughter and applause.) These bad men will be ground up like corn between two millstones! I have just received from a fair lady of Philadelphia these Union lines, which speak the sentiments of every true lover of our nationality.—

TO BE SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "HAIL, COLUMBIA!"

Columbia's sons! arouse, awake,
Your noble stand for Union take,
The proud usurper we'll tread down,
The proud usurper we'll tread down,
The American Flag, it still shall wave—
Its stars and stripes we'll die to save;
With hearts sincere, in Heaven our trust,
We'll lay the traitors in the dust.—(Cheers.)
To Southern blood we'll not submit,
Our motto's, "Don't give up the ship."

Chorus.—Swell the anthem, loud and high,
For Union, Peace, and Liberty,
Still united evermore,
Our Flag shall wave, our Eagle soar!
(Hear and Applause.)

Though Southern brethren rise and boast,
They'll all divide; whate'er it cost,
We will their jealous rage subdue,
We will their jealous rage subdue,
Convincing first, that Law is King,
Proud Cotton to our feet we'll bring.—(Cheers.)
Storm clouds may now obscure the sun,
Fear not the tempest—we'll o'ercome;
Our loyal crews will ride the wave;
Secession sink! the Union save!

Chorus.—Swell the anthem, loud and high,
For Union, Peace, and Liberty,
Still united evermore,
Our Flag shall wave, our Eagle soar!
(Great cheering.)

Well, now, I return and propose success to the agriculture and commerce of this country. I can only tell you that, although I may not have, to the same extent, the peculiar characteristic of Mr. Hutchings and your honorable chairman—namely, diffidence—(laughter)—still you know that it is the peculiar attribute of our people; and if we are so bashful in society—(laughter)—and if we do not get along faster in the world you will, perhaps, attribute it to that reason. (Roars of laughter.) Gentlemen, I am proud to be here to-day to see your beautiful town of Exmouth. I see that you have built your houses on the sand, but you have founded your church on a Rocke. (A happy allusion to the name of the vicar of the parish, which was received with loud cheers and laughter.) Our eloquent chairman alluded to those gentlemen who had done so much for the commerce of the country in connecting Exeter and Exmouth. He alluded to that gentleman who received a piece of plate to-day, and but for whom you would not have increased your commerce by a railway for many years, and but for whom you would not have had any trains running for a long time. (Hear, hear.) I can only say, that had it not been for the kind invitation of my friend, Mr. Dutton, I should not have seen this delightful day, and there would have been one Train the less to say the least of it. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, I am glad that it is as it is. I know that you will keep me to the question, that is strictly Parliamentary—(laughter)—but I can only say, that I am delighted at being here, for nothing adds so much to the commerce of a place as building a railway. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I believe there is nothing like locomotion, and if I may judge from the enormous number of young England representatives I saw to-day in the place, there is no question about the commerce of Exmouth — (loud cheers and laughter)—and from the many volunteers in this country. I should say again, there was nothing like locomotion. (Hear, hear). We have got volunteers too on the other side of the water. (Cheers.) The Union State of Pennsylvania lately said—Mr. President, we can raise you a hundred thousand volunteers in forty-eight hours, and land them, by the commerce of the railway, in the capital. (Cheers). And so I can say with you:—

"Hurrah for our Riflemen! men of the land—
Who have sprung from a true-hearted yearning,
Not willing, or eager, to kindle war's brand,
But to guard what that brand has set burning."

These are the guardians of the soil, and week after week you will see them pouring into the President. (Cheers.)

"Let them come from the loom, and the plough, and the forge,
Let their bugles ring louder and louder,
Let the dark city lane, and the deep valley gorge,
Prove that labour makes valour the stronger.—(Cheers.)

Let them live in sweet peace, till a moment arrives,
When the shot of an enemy rattle,
And the spirits that dwell the most fondly at home,
Shall be first to rush forth into battle.

(Protracted cheering). I thank you, Gentlemen, for giving me this toast, I wish well to your beautiful watering place—and when you call upon me for a street railway—(cheers)—perhaps that too will be forthcoming Those two Crimean guns on the beach point towards France—(loud cheers)—but agriculture and commerce bring happier results than war—but sometimes

war is a virtue. (Hear). Give your time to the cultivation of the soil and the building of your ships, and you will find—

That Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.

The whole company started to their feet on the conclusion of Mr. Train's speech, and cheered him to the echo.

MR. TRAIN'S SPEECH AT ISLINGTON.

[*From the London American of May* 25, 1861.]

The magnificent hall recently erected at Highbury Barn was built by the enterprising proprietor, Senore Giovaneli, in seven weeks, and is one of the finest rooms of the kind in London.

Some four or five hundred guests sat down to the grand inaugural banquet which we alluded to in our last, comprising editors, vestrymen, and residents of Islington. Mr. M'Evoy, M. P., who was to take the chair, wrote a note at the last moment that he was detained on the question of Irish Education in the House of Commons, and some of the gentlemen connected with the Islington Vestry, who had given Mr. Train permission to introduce his street railways in the parish, immediately proposed that Mr. Train should take the chair. The audience insisted, and the banquet was prolonged till midnight—a banquet of English, Irish, and Scotch, with an American Chairman.

The following eloquent remarks were made by Mr. Train in response to the toast—"The Chairman."

The frequent allusions to American affairs to-night I presume have been made because my nationality is known, and you wish an American's opinion of American affairs. (Hear, hear.) But if I touch upon them you will not perhaps object to my language, my earnest way of calling plain things by their plain names. (No.) Will you let me speak what I think? (Yes.) Will you let me give you the actual sentiments of a man who loves his country only second to his God? (Applause.) Then you shall have it, and that is expressed in pointed words under the flag on the outside of every Northern envelope—Death to Traitors. (Hear, hear.) You love England, so do I America; you rejoice to see the Chartist demonstration crushed in its infancy. (Hear, hear.) You erect monuments to the heroes who stamped out the Indian rebellion; and you shot down those on the Ballarat, when I was in Australia, when they broke the law of the nation. (Hear, hear.) How, then can you sympathise with those blackhearted knaves who would ruin a land blessed by God with natural and national attributes grander than any known to man! Having been in England from the commencement of the insurrection, I have earnestly watched the opinion of the people. First there seemed general lament about what they termed fratricidal war—(hear, hear)—but on second thought the sympathy appeared to be like that of a successful merchant over the failure of his rival on the other side of the street. (Cheers and hear.) The next phase was a universal howl at the Morrill (all pronounced it highly *immoral*) Tariff. (Laughter.) The pocket was in a spasm; and trade knows little sympathy. You forgot your half a century of Wilberforcianism, and patted the South cotton and slavery on the back—the *Times* leading off and encouraging the traitors. Then the South clapped an export duty on cotton. Again the tide ebbed, and the South was proved barbarian by the pirate chief, who disgusted everybody with his privateering proclamation. (Shame.) Then Lord John Russell declared war against the North (no, no) by acknowledging that the Southerners were belligerent, and did us—most humiliating to our pride—the distinguished honor—quoting Canning in 1825—of comparing us with the beggarly Turks. (Laughter.) Lord Palmerston lost no time in correcting the bad impression of the Foreign Secretary, and the Queen's Proclamation now comes most opportunely. (Hear, hear.) When a man has corns on his feet he is most irritable when his neighbor goes out of his way to tread upon them: so if England really wishes to unite the two parts, let her overhaul an American ship. (Hear.) The last speaker, Mr. Lawrence, was cheered when he hoped that the next mail would bring peace. (Hear.) We are not quite ready to shake hands—our feelings at the North have been too long outraged. We don't believe there is any fight in the South. The Southern chivalry will collapse into exile like an ever-inflated balloon—(laughter)—and instead of peace I hope the next news will bring submission to the Federal Power, or that the hordes of the pirates are burnt to the ground. (No, and loud cheers.) Never was known before such an outburst of nationality. The Hermit Peter and his crusaders, and the rising of the Girondists, so eloquently described by Lamartine, to whom I had the honor last

year of introducing Senator Seward, our present energetic Premier, were nothing in comparison to the outburst of enthusiasm from the insulted North, who will pour down upon the pirate bands and traitor gangs and sweep them off like turning the waters of the Mississippi into the drains of New Orleans and purify the city, by cleansing the accumulated political stench of the party lately in office. (Hear.) Hull on the Lakes and Arnold on the Hudson, were true men compared to Stephens, Colt, Floyd, and their brother traitors, and Aaron Burr was a patriot alongside of the traitor leader Davis. (Applause.) We have a Government at last—only eight weeks in office—yet 50,000 soldiers at Washington—Fort Pickens fortified—several regiments landed at Texas, and 20,000 volunteers at Cairo to stop every barrel of pork brought down the Ohio, and every bag of corn down the Mississippi. (Cheers.) Riflemen in Fort Monroe, riflemen at Annapolis. Fifty steam transports and 200,000 men blockading every Southern port—(loud applause)—and all in a fortnight. Does that look like a weak Government? Does that give you an idea of a dying nation? No. Gentlemen, we have at last turned our ploughshares into weapons of defence, and the traitors, when they find cannon to the right of them—cannon to the left of them, cannon behind them, thundering the death-song of parricides, will cower into obscurity at the mere sight of their own blood. (Hear, and applause.) The Cabinet is a unit. The new Ministers to foreign lands are arriving; last night the Ambassador to England, now in London; the son of one President—the grandson of another—himself the candidate for Vice-President—Charles Francis Adams—(cheers)—of Massachusetts, will represent America like a gentleman and a statesman. A man of talent, a man of wealth, Mr. Adams will soon show your Ministry the good feeling that the United States (not disunited yet)—(hear, and cheers)—bears towards the land that gave them birth. Our American Ministers have been living in attics and back parlors ever since Massachussetts' favorite son—Abbott Lawrance—returned so well the hospitality showered upon him; and now we have another representative who will prove himself worthy of the State who at a few hours' notice sent those regiments who hewed their way over the dead bodies of the traitors at Baltimore to the protection of the Capitol. (Loud cheers.) The battle of Baltimore in the second Revolution was only another edition of the battle of Lexington on the anniversary of the first Revolution. (Loud cheers.) We have at last succeeded in sending abroad men of brains and position—Ambassadors, Consuls, and Secretaries—who are devoted to the Union—Dayton at Paris has arrived in time to displace tho Minister who I am told, presented the traitor Commissioners to the Emperor, and Clay at St. Petersburg, are entire men, and all the appointments are creditable to the nation. I know you will pardon me for not speaking of the street railways; you get enough of them in the papers. I can only say that the opposition is as much exaggerated as my energies are overrated. ("No," and cheers.) All inventions are opposed, moral, mechanical, or political. I believe if some philosopher should discover a shorter cut over a level road to a happier world, there are many theological fossils who will prove that it is not only destructive of property and dangerous to life, but highly detrimental to the best interests of the Church. (Laughter and oh.) I had rather talk about America than street railways. Don't forget what I have told you about the issue of the contest—America must drop the comparison. It is no longer North and South, it is order against anarchy—patriots against parricides—Unionists against traitors. (Cheers.) They must submit or be exterminated. The *Times*, of 8th May, discussing the debate on acknowledging the independence of the Ionian Islands, says:—"When the Ionians have compelled several British armies to capitulate, starved out or burnt out several garrisons, and sent a dozen or two of our steam frigates to the bottom of the Mediterranean, we shall be prepared to advise a recognition of their independence, at whatever cost to our pride." (Cheers.) I am glad your Thunderer has furnished me with words to express the exact sentiment of twenty millions of Union men. It is not war alone; for pestilence is in the rice swamp—Miasma is with the negroes—insurrection sleeps with the slave, and gaunt famine will soon hold his dreary Court of Death. The chiefs will slink away like rats from a burning ship—already they are begging your embassador for an armistice—(hear, hear)—but they refused the Crittenden compromise. They have sown the wind and must reap the whirlwind—with naval brigades forming—patriotic bands raising—merchants contributing—bells ringing Union—cannon roaring Union—fair girls wearing next their bosom Union bows—(cheers and laughter)—woven with Union rosettes—and cheers going up to Heaven from the Union men of Union Square—with such action America fears no evil. The fisherman at Marblehead drops his net and cries Union, to the rescue—the farmer on the Green Mountains hears hears it at the plough, and the Ohio boatman passes over to the hunter on the prairie, onward over the range of mountain passes to the gold digger on the Sacramento when up go the flags, as San Francisco cries Union along the line. (Cheers.) General Houston's

great heart is gladdened at the sound, and on he rushes with the red artillery. Fort Pickens booms a reply that reaches to the capitol, and cheers our old backwoodsman President, till the tears start as he hears the cry of Union now, and Union for ever. It has been our living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be our dying sentiment—Union now and Union for ever. (Loud cheers.) and let me say to the patriot bands of my dear country, in the words of Mark Lemon the poet manager of *Punch*, who wrote them for the Volunteers of England—

Step together! all together! close, close together!
Remember this is holy earth
On which our measured footsteps tread,
The living land that gave us birth,
The dust of our immortal dead!
Step together! all together! close, close together!
Each man true beside us;
Close together! fall together!
Death can but divide us.—(Cheers.)

Perchance the spirits of our sires
Look down from yon bright stars above,
And from those orbs of quenchless fires,
Light in our hearts a patriot love.
The wind shall bear across the sea
The burden of our earnest song,
Who, hearing, doubts, we will be free?

They taunt us with our love of gold,
Our hate of blood, our love of peace;
We would not sell what they have sold,
For even life itself's increase.—(Loud Cheers.)

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

FIRST MOVEMENT OF THE ENGLISH ON THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON.

[*From the London American of June* 19, 1861.]

The first important public expression of the people of Great Britain on the pending deplorable calamity pervading the United States of America, took place on Monday at a sumptuous Union *Déj uner*, given by Mr. George Francis Train, of Boston, U. S., the well-known projector of Street Railways in England, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, Victoria street, London, in commemoration of the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill.

The following characteristic note of invitation, which in a tasteful circular from that indefatigable gentleman, was extended to each of the guests, will convey the object of the convener of this meeting, which came off with very considerable *éclat* :—

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL. WILL YOU COME TO
A UNION DEJEUNER,
At 2 o'clock, on the 17th of June, at the Westminster Palace Hotel?—Sixty Plates.

Sincerely believing that there are many Representative men in this garden land of free opinions who bear kind wishes for the continued unity of our people and independence of our nation, I have taken this method to bring together some of the bright minds of the age, in the hope of counteracting the evil effects of those *secession* journalists and statesmen who cheer so loudly whenever the "bursting of the Republican bubble" is alluded to.

Let Lancashire and Yorkshire sympathize with the Pirate's Rebellion, and stimulate the Traitors on to their certain destruction; but London, the first city of the world, is too proud and too independent to misrepresent the great English people by selling its sense of right for a bale of cotton.

Nothing will please me more than to have you say Yes, addressed to

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
18 St. James's street, Piccadilly.
London, 1st June, 1861.

FIVE-MINUTE SPEECHES.

Shortly after two o'clock Mr. G. F. Train took the chair. Amongst the numerous guests present, we noticed the following gentlemen:—W. J. Linton, Esq.; M. S. Morgan; C. Hathaway, Esq.; Mr. Sharman (*Morning Advertiser;*) Geo. Hill; Geo. Hooper, Esq.; Mr. Tigenoff; Mr. Cropsey; Mr. Murphy; Mr. Robinson; Mr. Blanchard Jerrold; T. C. Gratton, Esq.; Mr. Bohn; Lord William Lennox; Mr. James; Mr. Newton Crouch; Mr. James Grant; James Ewing Ritchie, Esq.; J. Howard, Esq.; J. Snow, Esq., Editor of *Observer;* J. Adams Knight, Esq.; A. W. Bostwick, Esq.; F. Lehmann; Norton Shaw; D. D. Cumming; G. B. Bruce, Esq., C. E.; J. Lowe, Esq; George Vandenhoff, Esq.; C. M. Evans; Richard Coles, Mayor of Southampton; Geo. Augustus Sala, Esq.; Mr. Heeley; Mr. Ballard; G. Routledge, Esq.;

Mr. Reuter; Mr. T. Webster, barrister; A. C. Billinges, Esq.; J. B. Kitcat, G. P. Rippon, Esq.; W. Hepworth Dixon, Tom Hood, Esq.

The following replies to invitations sent, which were neatly pasted in an elegant autograph book, will convey the sentiments of those gentlemen who were unable to be present.

REPLY FROM

Walter Thornbury, Esq., *All the Year Round;* J. Snowe, Esq., Editor of the *Observer;* William Scholfield, Esq, M. P. for Birmingham; T. M. Mackay, ship owner, Black Ball Line; John Howard; Richard Coles, Esq., Mayor of Southampton; A. W. Bostwick, Esq, Editor of the *London American;* W. Hepworth Dixon, Esq., Editor of the *Athenœum;* Dr. T. W. Gully, Author of works on Hydropathy; Wm. McCannon, Esq.; R. Wells, Esq., the eminent Phrenologist; George Augustus Sala, Esq., Author, Journalist, &c.; George Vandenhoff, Esq., the distinguished Tragedian; Sir James Rittery East, M. D.; C. Astor Bristed, Esq.; W. Westgarth, Esq, Author of works on Australian Colonies; J. Doran, Esq., LL.D., Author and Tourist; T. C. Grattan, Esq. (another civilized American, &c., &c.); Stewart H. Brown, Esq., Liverpool, (of Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co.); John B. Morgan, Esq., Assistant Secretary American Legation; James Sheridan Knowles, Esq., the distinguished dramatist; John Adams Knight, Esq., Editor of the *London American;* James Lowe, Esq., Editor of *The Critic;* Robert Baxter, Esq., Parliamentary Solicitor; George Washington Taylor, Esq.; John Drew, Esq., Comedian; H. A. Murray, Esq., Author of "Slave and Free, &c.;" Anthony Trollope, Esq., Author of "Framley Parsonage," &c., &c.; Rt. Hon Ralph Dutton, M. P.; Rear Admiral Sir Edward Belcher; Forbes Campbell, Esq.; R. G. Moulton, Esq., of the house of Messrs. A. & S. Henry & Co., Manchester; L. N. Fowler, Esq., the eminent Phrenologist; Wm. S. Thayer, Esq., American Consul-General to Egypt; Thornton Hunt, Esq., Author and Journalist; Thomas Brassey, Esq.; R. H. Sherlock, Esq., Editor of the *Liverpool Mail;* John Hollingshead, Esq., Editor and Journalist; E. F. Prentiss, Esq., Street Railway-Car Maker, of Philadelphia; Rear Admiral James Scott; Charles Hathaway, Esq., Street Railway Contractor, of Philadelphia; T. Humbar, Esq., Editor of the *Morning Herald;* Evered Taylor, Esq., Whipper-in of the Conservative Party; G. Julian Harney, Esq., Editor of the *Jersey Independent;* W. J. Linton, Esq.; George Barclay Bruce, Esq., the distinguished Civil Engineer; C. J. Prowett, Esq., Editor of the *John Bull;* The Editor of the *Sun;* Charles S. Wilson, Esq.; J. Ewing Ritchie, Esq., Editor of the *Illustrated News of the World;* George Hooper, Esq., Editor of the *Globe;* and many others.

The cloth being removed, the Chairman rose to propose the first toast, and was received with enthusiastic and prolonged cheering. He said:—Gentlemen,—Dispensing with formality, red tape, and ill-nature, and admiring freedom of thought and freedom of action, as well as the society of men of letters, I have gathered you about me today in this informal way for two reasons—both of course selfish—first, the pleasure I always derive in having so many clever men my guests; second, to show my countrymen at home how many good friends the Union can number among the true-hearted Englishmen of the land. (Hear and applause.) We meet on a memorable day, and I thought I could not pay the English people a higher compliment than by celebrating the anniversary of a battle where, if my memory does not fail me, the Americans got handsomely whipped. (Laughter.) We are not here to show hostility to England, not to express sentiments of bad feeling towards you; not to endorse the strong language of my Paris friends the other day at the Louvre, but to obtain from you a free expression of opinion of what is passing in the New World. We will have a free debate, and to make it so we will not be too parliamentary. There will be but two toasts, and in order that there may be a base for argument I propose to fire off, with your permissson, my revolver now, while you are loading your Whitworth guns. England will be surprised to hear that intelligent Americans do not estimate that there are six hundred conspirators in the league. One drop of poison may color a glass of water—one thief may arouse an entire town—one house on fire may alarm a village—the report of a pistol in a crowded theatre may startle the entire audience, so a few bad men in Buchanan's Cabinet contaminated all their rebel relations, and made men believe that they were the law and Davis was their prophet. Many a fire has been lit upon the Western prairie for the evening camp or for sport; but when the wind rose, the flames spread, and a sheet of flame ran through the land, burning down the wheat as well as the tares—green grass as well as dry—so in this ungodly revolution, the bad men overshadow the good, and the thousands devoted to the Union dare not speak; but when the prairie fire has been extinguished the green grass starts up afresh, and all that was bad was swept away by the raging stream—all that was good remained—and when the summer returns another year the green shoots spring out in the sunlight, and the Union men of the Southern country will again come into the councils of the nation, and sit once more among the patriotic statesmen of the land. The pirate

leader should not be called the Southern President! (Hear, hear.) I ignore his right of claiming that noble name. (Renewed cries of hear, hear.) Expelled as a boy from Yale College for thieving—the disowned son-in-law of President Taylor——the chief apostle of Mississippian repudiation—he has exactly fitted himself by a dishonest life to end as a traitor on the gallows.

"Who would be a traitor knave?
Who would fill an Arnold's grave?
Who would basely drive a slave?
Scoundrels turn and flee."

The Sepoy leader based his power on repudiation and piracy—his lieutenant Stephens on negro slavery; for did he not say that the stone the builders rejected had become the corner of the edifice? These two men have brain, but no stamina—both have bad digestions; and no successes on battle-field or council-board can be won with a bad digestion. Virginia, the mother of Presidents and the breeder of slaves, aspires to be the mother of traitors. Thank God, we shall hear no more about the F. F. V.'s, unless to signify that *Felon*-Floyd's Villany. (Laughter and hear.) Macmillan has forcibly described to us that Carolina and Virginia were settled by thriftless adventurers—dissolute gentlemen who shirked their debts in England as they have ever continued to do since, in the United States. The Confederates are using Virginia to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. Cobb assures his friends that the horrors of war will be confined to the border States—make Virginia the battle-ground, and her bonds are not worth the paper on which they are printed. (Cheers.) What resources have the South? for money makes war, as the want of it does peace. J. Davis boasts of two hundred thousand volunteers. They cost one hundred pounds a-year, hence twenty million pounds will be required the first year. He has succeeded in getting about two million pounds by loan, or a month's supply. With no ships—no provisions—no money—no unity, and no hope—these flag-forsaken, country-forsaken — God-forsaken wretches, what will be their end? Thus far they record two grand victories. Eleven thousand Southern chivalry of Charleston take sixty men in Sumter, after reducing them to three cartridges and to living on salt pork for forty-eight hours, and Alexandria assassinated Colonel Ellsworth as he trampled the pirate flag under his feet. How different the tone at the North. Listen to Davis's cracked Italian organ grinding out Poor Old Ned—(roars of laughter)—and compare it with Lincoln's Dodsworth's Band playing Hail Columbia! (Cheers) No hireling soldiers compose the Northern battalions. It is no mercenary army, for life and fortune compare as nothing to save a nation's honor. Never before was the voice of the people so emphatically the voice of God. The child, the schoolboy, the mother, and the old man in the chimney corner—all echo the Scottish war sons—

"Lay the proud enslaver low;
Traitors fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow;
Let us do, or die!"

(Prolonged cheering.)

The traitors Lee, Beauregard, and Tatnal, and, I regret to say, Lieut. Maury, will shortly understand the difference between State rights and Federal wrongs. Few of our best army officers have deserted—such names as Scott, Harney, Mansfield, M'Dowell, M'Call, Cadwalader, Patterson, Anderson, Sumner, and Dominick, still ornament the army roll. (Hear, hear.) Major-General Fremont and Major-General Banks will shortly emulate Major-General Butler in clearing the land from traitors. (Applause.) Already we see the fatal handwriting "Mene! Mene! tekel upharsin!" Already the Bacchanalians tremble before the Daniel come to Judgment!

Throughout the land there goes a cry
A sudden splendor fills the sky:
From every hill the banners burst,
Like buds by April breezes nurst;
In every hamlet, home, and mart,
The firebeat of a single heart
Keeps time to strains whose pulses mix
Our blood with that of Seventy-Six!

The crack—the fissure, denotes the expected fall of the tower; the appearance of smoke indicates fire; there is a shake upon the plain before the earthquake yawns; a bellow from the volcano before it disembogues; the blast precedes the storm, so the sudden change in the South betokens fears of coming evil. Russell hears no more threats of marching on Washington, no more seizing of Fanuiel Hall. (Hear.) How astonished he will be when coming up the Mississippi. How changed his tone—the difference between talk and action will please the wonderful describer of many battles. This war is not for conquest but liberation;—(hear)—not from black workmen but white pirates. (Hear, hear.) England sided with Garibaldi and the world cheered because the world hated Bomba—but had the Government of the United States become so hateful that England should show such unnecessary haste in lending her sympathy to the conspirators who were seeking her destruction. (No.) Where was our inquisition! whom had we tortured? in what respect did the Federal Government resemble Bomba or the pirate chief resemble the patriot leader, Garibaldi? What crimes have we committed in the North? was it the sending war ships to Ireland with corn in 1848? was it the presentation of the Arctic exploring ship to her Majesty? was it the warm and honest welcome we gave the Royal Prince? (Vociferous cheering) What crimes have they not committed in the South? did they not

knock down a Northern Senator in the Council of the Nation?—(hear)—did they not take a British captain from a British ship and tar and feather him on the shore? —(shame)—did not Thompson, Cobb, and Floyd, commit high treason over their Bible oaths? Have they not robbed the public Treasury? Betrayed important forts?—assassinated Northern officers?—repudiated private obligations?—confiscated private property?—sold poisoned food to Federal soldiers?—(hear, hear, hear)—laid Orsini plans to send the President to eternity over a Maryland precipice? Have they not emulated Yey in his Canton brutality, and offered large sums for the heads of Lincoln and of Scott? Was there not a proclamation offering $20 for dead men and $25 for live men? Was not one of their first acts legalising piracy?—(renewed cries of hear) —Are not these more the acts of Bomba, and the uprising of the North more like the Garibaldian Revolution? No Indian Thug, no Camanchee Indian, could have committed worse or more crimes in so short a time; and yet England, instead of giving at once a cold shoulder to the fatal councils of their agents, gently leaned towards their unchristian cause, snapping at once asunder the silken cord of friendship which bound our nations together. England calls us thin-skinned; we are too sensitive, &c. It seems to me the more sensitive the more honest. A thick skin would be indicative of hardened crime. Is not the thin-skinned sensitiveness of a blushing school girl preferable to the callous demeanor of the painted Cyprian of the Haymarket? Change positions for a moment. Did America hasten to acknowledge the Irish Rebellionists as belligerents, and send a hostile fleet off the Irish shores to encourage the Irish? Suppose the United States had dispatched a squadron to the mouth of the Thames with instructions to await the issue of the rising of the Chartists?. Did America assist Papineau in Canada? Do we sympathise with the New Zealanders? "*We should be sorry* (writes the *Times*, May 23) *to see the Maories treated with cruelty, but that the settlers must increase and the colony expand is a result which the course of nature renders positively certain.*" Most forcibly these comments apply to our present difficulty, for in no other way can we educate, civilise, and christianise the illiterate portion of our domains. Did not America share the deepest interest in the success of the British arms in India? Did not our people put the flags at half-mast throughout the land when the death of Havelock fell like a knell upon the nations? (Applause.) Suppose instead that we had sent men of war to the Indian shore,—acknowledge the Sepoys as belligerents, and patted Nana on the shoulder, as England has done with the Sepoys under the Nana of Mississippi. (No, no.) The taking of Fort Sumter was the massacre of Cawnpore—(without the massacre.) Did England hasten to acknowledge Kossuth and Hungary? There may not be analogy in these cases, but they are the stock arguments used in America. Nations, like individuals, gain nothing by being unjust. Is slavery any more a virtue now than before the cotton was in danger? Is it enough to make patriots of rebels because they happen to grow the cotton plant? Day by day I have watched the tide of sentiment in England—mail after mail arrives, and England is still in doubt. The feeling is give me cotton, or give me war. England is in a dilemma; she must acknowledge that the Republic is a success, or keep on as she has done, siding with the rebels. Who before ever heard of the chief of police taking the part of the burglars which he caught in the act? We must hang some new pictures on the wall, such as abolitionist England sitting affectionately on the lap of negro slavery; and again the amazement that rests on the placid faces of the Exeter-hall party on being informed that the negroes were being armed to protect their masters. Mr. Clay's athletic Western argument was brought out the more forcibly by the weakness of Mr. De Leon's Southern reply. Clay drove the nail straight home, and De Leon could not get it out again. The *Times* rejoinder could not erase the crushing logic of the author of the Dutch Republic in his strong array of facts. Everybody reads the *Times*, and everybody knows how it has ignored the great North in its admiration for the little South; who inspires its secession treason? (No, no.) Such is my opinion, gentlemen, I am sorry to say it. Is it Delane, or Lowe, or Mowbray Morris? Is it Morley, or Jacob Ominiun, or Godelphin Osborne or Desant? Is Rothschild interested in Southern Stocks?—and pray who of them all has been to America but Delane? It certainly cannot be Sampson, for he is always firing broadsides against Southern Repudiation. But anyway, there is the fact—the *Times* declared war, and England cheered—when the *Times* lays an egg, the nation cuckles. England must have known that separation destroys the Republic, and that destroyed self-government is a misnomer. This may account for Lord John Russell's position. He has undone a quarter of a century of work. The year 1861 will inaugurate a new era in the history of the world:—1. *England can no longer be the shirt-maker of the world*, for money and labor is now as cheap in America as in England, and new factories will grow up in the South as well as the North. 2. England can no longer exchange her iron mines for our gold and silver, for the forges of Pennsylvania will soon be burning night

nnd day as in England. 3. England can no longer be the Banker of America. It will not take New York so long to eat up London, as it did London to eat up Amsterdam. The tide has turned at last—a million of gold a month goes to the West this year, as in former years a million of silver went to the East. The Law of Nations on the sea was made in 1752 by the law officers of England, when Prussia threatened reprisals on English property for damages done by English privateers. Lord Stowell endorsed it in 1792, and Judge Story adopted it. That law took an enemy's property in a friend's ship, and restored a friend's when on board an enemy's, each nation at war examining the other's ships. France objected, as she always did to England's policy, but after three hundred and fifty years of war during their seven hundred years acquaintance, France and England embraced over the dead heroes at Inkermann and Sebastopol, and in 1854 both nations acted under common rules. Two years later (1856) Austria, Russia, Prussia, Turkey, and Sardinia followed suit. America refused to join, because that thief J. Davis was Secretary of War, and was maturing his treason, but the new administration accepted without delay; for from 1778 to 1854, America had declared privateering piracy—*vide* Treaty with France, 1778; Prussia, 1785; England, 1794; Spain, 1795; Sweden, 1816; and even Buchanan, in his last meeting with Clarendon, agreed to terms—if England would apply the rule to the protection of private property on land, the same as on the sea. But it must be remembered that a law for peace does not always hold good in war. There is a wide difference between searching an American sugar coaster off Cuba for negroes, and an English ship going into Charleston with Armstrong guns! America now acts on the Paris treaty, and blockade is effectual, therefore England cannot interfere. The South is powerless to do any harm. The South has no ships, hence privateers would have to fit out from the North; and if Northern they are traitors, robbers and scamps, and in any case are hung from the yard-arm. (Prolonged cheers.) There can be few privateers. Why? Because sailing vessels can't compete with steam, and steam is too expensive, and steamers are built North. Even if they had them, where could they coal? A fortnight at sea and they are without fuel. I mention these facts to show the absurdity of the high war premiums at Lloyds, and the wide difference in freights of American and English ships bound east, and just as though J. Davis' pirates could live out of sight of land. Many Americans had called themselves sovereigns until they almost forgot that they were subjects as well. Now, gentlemem, without occupying any more of your time at present, but to say I have called you together to hear what the brain of England, which you so ably represent to-day (for we have several distinguished literary men present) will say on this Secession movement in our country. Calhoun was born a traitor, lived a traitor, and died a traitor. Gen. Jackson faintly articulated with his dying breath one lasting regret—and that was, that he did not hang John C. Calhoun as high as Haman. What doctrine is that that we should love our State better than our Government. How unnatural to love one's aunt better than one's mother. Did not all the States agree that the Federal Government should be guardian of the whole country? Who was to control the Indians, regulate the army, manage the navy? Who carried the mails and collected the revenues? Who settles the national claims and makes war?, Who built the forts, the arsenals, and the dock-yards, and who sells the public lands? The Federal Government—and by delegated authority from the compact of States. Hence the absurdity of the States' rights doctrines. Out of his own mouth I convict the Vice-President of the Confederate States. ("Bravo," and cheers.) On the 14th of November last in his speech at Milledgeville, he said the Government of the United States "Convey near the objects of all good Government than any other on the face of the earth." And he triumphfully asked, "Where will you go following the Sun in his circuit round the globe, to find a Government that better protects the liberties of the people and secures to them the blessings which we enjoy." Remember what I told you about the limited number of the conspirators. Have you ever been at Niagara? Stand with me on the banks, and mark the fierce struggle of logs and canoes—birds and beasts in that terrible battle of the rapids. Once drawn into that ravenous Maelstrom all control is lost—they cannot return, but turning round and round in the myriad whirlpools for days and nights, they at last plunge into the abyss below, no more to be seen for ever; so is it with the chiefs of the Pirate League—Thompson, Stephens, Wigfall, Walker, Davis, Floyd, Slidell, Toombs, Mallory, Yulee, Benjamin, Cobb, Wise, Rhett, Keitt, Yancey, Breckenridge, Bayard, Green, Mason, Hunter, Clingman, Pryor—they are now in the rapids of the French Revolution which they have created, and ere the Reign of Terror is over they will make the fearful plunge, and pass over the falls, where all the devils are holding a jubilee in hell in that dark sepulchral dungeon of the infernal regions especially reserved for traitors. (Prolonged applause and laughter.) I call upon you all to fill your glasses, and I will give you "Victoria, the

Queen of England," as the first toast, which, I am sure, you will all do honor to. (Renewed cheering.)

The toast was then given, and drank with the usual demonstration of loyalty and esteem.

Lord WILLIAM LENNOX said: Gentlemen, when five minutes only are allowed at a railway station for you to get refreshment you endeavor to get it at once; your object is to get it as quick as possible. I shall, therefore, not make any apology to you for entering on my subject at once, but call upon you to drink the health of the President of the United States. (Cheers.) I am sure that I am only echoing the feelings and sentiments of every man in America when I say we wish to live on terms of amity and peace with your great country. (Applause.) I have been accused, and, I think unjustly; so that this is surely a question of interest on account of its affecting the cotton supplies. I at once state that that is not our feeling. We are influenced by a much higher and a much nobler principle. We wish to live on terms of friendship with a country that has produced some of the greatest men, both in art and in science. (Cheers.) We wish to live amicably with a nation that has identified itself for its freedom and its liberty: with a nation that can boast valiant sons and veteran hearts, and we wish that country to live in terms of amity and the best friendship towards us. (Loud applause.) I am afraid I have exceeded my time. I can only hope that these unfortunate differences will soon be over. It would be extremely bad taste to give any opinion on them; I only hope it will not engender any ill feeling, and that this country will still act with strict neutrality, and not take any part in the continuation of the war. I beg leave to propose "the President of the United States," and sincerely hope that the wishes of the Americans will be realised, and good feeling will again be restored to the United States. (Cheers.)

After eloquent speeches from Mr. G. Vandenhoff; Mr. H. Dixon, (of the Athenæum); Mr. S. Coyne; Mr. T. C. Grattan; Mr. Jas. Grant, (editor "*Morning Advertiser*"); Mr. Geo. Routledge; Mr. Hooper; Mr. Cumming, (Eng.); Mr. Murphy, (*United Service Gazette*); Capt. Hamber, (Manhattan); and others.

Lord WILLIAM LENNOX: I rise again, Gentlemen, to propose a toast on which I am sure there can be no difference of opinion in this assembly. It is a toast which I am sure must come to all as a most appropriate and welcome one. It is the health of my worthy friend our host, Mr. George Francis Train, (vociferous and prolonged cheering), and therefore I venture to intrude a second time upon you with the full assurance that you will do all honor to this toast.

The toast was drunk upstanding with musical honors.

Mr. TRAIN: Gentlemen, I assure you when I mentioned Lord Lennox's name I was not aware that he was going to call upon me. I thought he was going to respond to something which has been said, or I would have requested him to let me except my speech. Let me answer those questions as to what I could do; let me say what I did not do. Perhaps there is no analogy in it. These are the arguments I have heard Americans use. I can only tell you, gentlemen, it is a notorious fact when the *Times* takes snuff all England sneezes. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, I do not know how it is, but it is so. Secession and treason is generally treated the same. Who was Sampson, he is always firing broadsides, I really don't know, but it is a notorious fact everybody reads the *Times*, and they have been with the secessionists from the very first. How absurd! next week they will commence turning the corner, and they will do it beautifully, I tell you, with regard to this question. Mr. Clay—You should not forget when blaming Mr. Clay that he was a pupil of Wilberforce, of Buxton, and Macaulay—a man of large fortune—a Southerner—a slaveowner—but so earnest an Abolitionist he liberated all his negroes—he has proclaimed his sentiments with loaded pistols by his side, and fought duels in its cause. Imagine his surprise to arrive in Abolitionist England just in time to read Lord John's speech on the Belligerents. He chance fired a rifle into the *Times*—discharged an Armstrong gun at Paris—and I have no doubt, in his indignation has been cracking pistols all the way to St. Petersburg. (Loud laughter.) We have not yet taken sympathy with the New Zealanders I thought once you need not fear invasion from France or Germany, but New Zealand, and fancied I saw the New Zealander sitting on London Bridge. I tell you that there is danger, and we must not be apathetic—I warn you, gentlemen—I sincerely believe that if you do not express yourselves warmer than you have done in less than two weeks, the American ambassador will be in England, and England and America will be at war. Be not too apathetic. I would warn you lest you undo the course of forty years and find yourselves laying in the lap of negro slavery. I am earnest I assure you. I mean what I say. My father and mother and dear sisters lie in New Orleans hostages to that fatal climate. My grandfather had a large plantation and many slaves in Baltimore. I love my country and will defend its flag. I prefer war to dishonor. I cannot cease to think we shall love that beautiful idea, the flag. I want a union of lakes, a union of States, a union of sympathies, a union of hearts, a union of hands, and the flag of our Union for ever. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I would have the stars and stripes endorsed on our fraternity.

Gentlemen this is what I wanted: an expression of opinion from you here. I tell you, you are too apathetic. If you cannot express warmer sentiments for the Northern country, if you are afraid to speak, if you have not pluck, say so. (Cheers.) If you were all members of Parliament, or if I had met the ministry, I might have expected to find their mouths shut. I am surprised at this apathy. You do not know now which side you are on. I sincerely believe that, by George, you are all Secessionists, inasmuch as, in two or three points, I hear some speakers get up and speak on its principles. I believe, if I take this meeting as a guide, the American Ambassador will be in Paris next week; and mind you—I beg your pardon—I see that you have sent 3,000 men over in the Great Eastern—fearful that the South will overrun the North—you are sending these men over there. (Cheers.) I believe, when Mr. Murphy tells me he does not care about the cotton plant, he does it beautifully. As a son of Ireland, he might as well tell me he did not like the potato crop. (Laughter and cheers.) Gentlemen, I only say, in returning the compliment, I like this old land and country. I came here, not to express hostile feelings. I like England; and I will express my opinion at all times and on all occasions. I tell you, gentlemen, when I see apathy it pains my heart, and I seem to feel that if this is a fair representation of the sentiments of this glorious old land, then I confess I am mistaken, I have been deceived. I really do not think that the brain of the country, the editors and journalists, and authors and writers, sincerely wish us well in the North. (Yes, we do.) Then, gentlemen, let the expression of your opinion go forth. The short-hand writer is here, and is taking down every word; it will be published in "The London American," and it goes all over the country. Anybody can leave this room without making a speech, but, for God's sake, show more enthusiasm as Englishmen, and don't dodge the question. You are not members of the House of Commons, but can express your sentiments, and tell us whether you want union or disunion—whether you want honor or disgrace. Gentlemen, I thank you, but all the world will know the apathetic opinion you feel on this question. One word more. Let me tell you that England has foes on every side. Never more so than now. Look at Prussia—look at France—look at Russia,—these continental powers hate you worse than the devil. (Cheers.) I tell you that they are not your friends, and the time may come when you will find that America is the truest friend you have got. (Loud cheers.)

Followed by Mr. Bergh, of America; Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, (the distinguished writer); Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff; Mr. George Augustus Sala; Mr. Staunton Austin, (of the "*Morning Chronicle.*") Mr. Cumming then sung a French song, and Newton Cronch an amusing comic song.

Speech from R. Colis, Esq., (Mayor of Southampton); Mr. Tom Hood; Mr. Snow, (of the "*Observer*"); Captain Henley; Mr. Howard; Mr. Lehman; Mr. Bigelow, (of Boston, U. S. A.); Mr. Geo. Barclay Bruce; Mr. John Adams Knight, (of the "*London American*"); and Dr. Shaw, (secretary to the Geographical Society), who called on Mr. Train for a song.

Mr. Train: Before I do anything, gentlemen, let me say a word in reply to these Secessionists. A gentleman has most originally put the case, but I will tell you that the State of Ohio has offered 100,000 volunteers, the State of Illinois, 30,000; and our country is in arms, and although we have had but seven weeks since the proclamation there are over 300,000 able-bodied athletic men in the field who don't look to their pocket or cotton, or anything of that kind. Gentlemen, I tell you Thompson, and all these bad men who have escaped as George, without getting a bullet in them or a rope round their necks, will become refugees in this country. There have been two magnificent victories—11,000 men have taken 60 men in Fort Sumter, and the other victory was at Alexandria—the coward has trampled the flag under his feet. Let me tell you it is the bravest thing ever done by any man. Who were these men? the Southern chivalry. There is a fine idea of the fight—we have gone to Alexandria and Harper's Ferry, and surrounded that brave old General Scott. That was never dreamed of. We have got all the ports blockaded. Let the Union men who dare not speak, now let them spring up and strangle the leaders. I tell you, gentlemen, you are going to get next year a half a cotton crop, and half a cotton crop means Lancashire in flames. (No, no). Gentlemen, you have been now twenty years talking about cotton in India. It is simply a question of capital. We have got four millions of men who are fire proof—they can stand. Some time ago I put forth the idea that you did not pay anything for negro emancipation, but only added to the national debt. (Laughter, and "America was paid"). There were 800,000 negroes at £75, and at £40 you made £60,000 out of the enemy. ("That won't do," and laughter). I can assure you I am in earnest. I sincerely believe this, gentlemen, is arising out of the action you have taken in regard to the Southern Ports, that the news and intelligence has arrived for our ambassadors to withdraw their papers, and go to Paris. (Hear.) I know what I am talking about, Gentlemen, I do not want to throw any light among these powder magazines. I do not want any one to say that Boston is one of my Slave States—I do not want to hear

a telegram from America "Latest news—another failure—horrible tragedy in the United States." America will now be stronger than ever, and perfectly startled at its strength. I say, gentlemen, that this country will shortly see where their interests are. Now for God's sake you clever men at the pen, you Blanchard Jerrold, you Sala, and you Murphy, I want you all to hear me, and go out and express your sentiments, and let these be the sentiments of peace to bind England and America together. Gentlemen, I will sing a song, but before I do so I will call upon some else, because I think it is the duty of a host to let every one fire off his revolver, and get his gun loaded. I will therefore call upon Dr. Lane.

Followed by speeches from Dr. Lane and Mr. Cumming.

Mr. Train then sang the well-known song, "Camp Town Races," which he did in his eminently characteristic style, improvising the company as he proceeded, and eliciting roars of laughter.

Speeches from Mr. Geo. Augustus Sala; Mr. Starbuck; Mr. Webster; Mr. Charles Hathaway, (Street Railway Contractor); Capt. Collinson; Mr. Vandenhoff and others.

The bill of fare was of a sumptuous and most satisfactory character, and thanks to the chairman's ability as an improvisitore, combined with the general harmony, the proceedings, which did not terminate until late, were highly agreeable.

WAR, COTTON, AND A SUGGESTION.

[*From the London American of September* 25, 1861.]

The *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, the *Portsmouth Guardian*, the *Liverpool Post* and the *Daily News*, publish the following letter from Mr. Train, suggesting an export duty on cotton:—

18 St. James's street, Piccadilly,
September 22, 1861.

Sir—The great question of to-day is not Rome or Hungary—nor gold—nor corn—nor social science—nor the stock exchange—but cotton. Nothing so important now as cotton wool. We wear it—we walk on it—we sit on it—we sleep on it—and some millions depend upon it for money to purchase food.

Some newspapers see the danger, and please their readers with sympathizing with rebellion, and misrepresentation of the Federal power. Meanwhile the country corks up the cotton ports, and has had the audacity to absorb the thirty* millions sterling war loan in three of its leading cities, without consulting the London market, the only overt act yet committed giving England sufficient cause to break the blockade! All this time economists look to India, Australia and Africa, for supply—so be it—but that is in the future. Look to-day in the face. Ten days without food will shake the strongest constitution. Sometimes nations resemble individuals. The cotton is locked up—not a pound can be released till treason is beheaded, and foul murder is no more in the land. Speculators have organized cotton panics each year in my remembrance, but this time it is a sad reality. It is not now the worm, nor flood, nor tempest, nor servile insurrection, but the mad ambition of a dozen bad men, who have imperilled the peace of the world, and bid fair to disorganize one-half of its commerce by stopping all its textile machinery.

The 800,000 bales in hand to-day, with the 200,000 to arrive before Christmas, give but 1,000,000 bales for the next six months. Economy would make this last longer, but it so happens that 250,000 bales will be wanted for export. Here is the suggestion—Is it prudent to allow this to leave the country? France prohibits the export of corn when it suits her pleasure. Why should not England stop the cotton, and keep the mills running on short time ten weeks longer, when our ship of state may be repaired, ready again to enter the ocean race-course and compete for the commerce of the sea? One bale of prevention is better than a cargo of cure; 250,000 bales saved, are equal to one hundred cargoes arrived.

Parliament is away grouse shooting; but could not Lord Palmerston pass an order in Council to clap an export duty on cotton of ten pounds sterling a bale?

Your obedient servant,

Geo. Francis Train.

* Thirty millions sterling! or thirty shillings a-piece for us! One year's economy pays the entire bill. Already the nation saves (the first eight months), in comparison with last year—

In imports	£14,000,000
Excess of exports	5,000,000
Less exports of specie	6,000,000
	£25,000,000

† The same ratio for the year would give three millions more than the entire loan, which is the largest war loan ever made.

HOW TO PUNISH TRAITORS.

[*From the London American of October* 23, 1861.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON AMERICAN."

18 St. James street,
London, October 19, 1861.

SIR—Straws don't always show which way the wind blows, but the signs of the times are unmistakeable.

When the secession balloon shortly collapses, the Federal forces should make fast the event in history. Treason is about to die. Why, then, let the traitor live?

South Carolina has been, is now, and will continue to be, the national assassin, unless summarily executed.

Nullification followed Toryism, Secession succeeded Nullification, and Death should be the sequence of Secession.

Bury then South Carolina in her damning villany, and forgive the erring States she has led astray.

How can this old pirate craft be destroyed? We cannot scuttle her, nor can we burn her to the water's edge; but we can divide her, break her up, and give her rotten State Rights timber to the adjoining States (that is, if they will accept them).

The *partition* of Poland was a national crime, and the land is still dressed in the deepest mourning; but the *partition* of South Carolina would be a national retribution worthy of the great nation she sought to ruin.

Blot her abhorrent name out of the map of our fair Western World, and let us try and forget that this hell-creating Province was ever one of the more or less *United States* of America.

Enormous crime deserves enormous punishment. South Carolina was born a traitor, has lived a traitor, and should die the death of a traitor.

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

P. S.—*She is dead!*

MR. TRAIN ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

[*From the London American of October* 31, 1861.]

The reflecting men of England, are concentrating their thoughts on the American question, all classes discuss it, and it is the general theme of conversation wherever men gather together. Each newspaper has its leaders, and each member of Parliament has his fling at the "Bubble bursting Republic of the West." At a dinner given by Henry Wood, Esq., the large anchor and chain manufacturer of Birkenhead, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, on October 30, 1860, this all-absorbing subject, the American question, was the feature of the entertainment. Our Consul, Mr Morse, made a most eloquent speech. Mr. Bell, the builder of the Warrior, Mr. Gladstone, and a distinguished gentlemen from Georgia who recently left that State for his Union sentiments, and several other gentlemen joined in the animated debate between the English, the Scotch, and the Americans. Mr. Geo. Francis Train, whose strong Union sentiments have so often been recorded in these columns, created some excitement by his attack on England's unmanly course in this ungodly rebellion, and some of his strictures were emphatically denied by some of the gentlemen present—the chairman especially, who asserted that he knew there was the most friendly feeling in this country towards America.

Some extracts from Mr. Train's speech will show the warmth of the debate:—

Mr. Chairman: You are an old friend of mine, and knowing me so well I am surprised that you call me up on street railways when the American question is on the table. (Hear.) I admit that I am good for a speech on that or any other topic, but to-night I intend to sink the shop and talk the Senate Chamber—suffice it to know that my success is complete. (Hear and cheers.) I have run the gauntlet, with all kinds of weapons aimed at me, but have passed the Manasses Gap of English Conservatism and introduced a carriage for the people—(cheers)—with colors flying and lots of money still in the treasury. (Hear, and laughter.) But no more of that, let me talk on America. I thank you, Mr. Wood, and you, gentlemen, for your good wishes for peace, but we want no peace. You say England is with us, I know that she is against us, and has been from the first. (No, no.) I say yes, yes—and the question is, how much plain talk can you stand from a man

who loves his wife, his children, and his God—but who loves his country more than all—(loud cheers)—for a man without a country is unworthy of wife and children, and poor God-forsaken devil, he had better die—(Hear, hear,)—and this, gentlemen, is what England has recommended. (No.) England's neutrality has already cost five thousand lives; she has made a great mistake, and three months hence she will acknowledge it. Will you let me speak my mind? (Yes.) Now, I beg of you gentlemen, not to get excited when I tell you a few startling facts to prove how unwise—how ungenerous—how dangerous has been England's so-called neutrality on the *American question*. England's sympathies are with, and have been with the South—not out of hate to the North, but because she wished to see us break in two. ("No.") When a man is very ill it is, to say the least of it, bad taste to go and order all your mourning, for, perhaps, he may get well again, and how surprised he would be to see the notices of his death, which were prepared. England's neutrality consists in standing on the platform and cheering the rebels on. Read the secession organs of the country. Secession organs, did I say? There are no others, save the *Daily News*, the *Star*, the *Liverpool Post*, and two or three more journals—the rest all have flags flying, and cannons booming to stimulate treason on to murder! The press leads the way. The Cabinet would declare war at once if it dared; and I am not sure but what the Mexican intervention is war in disguise. Read the speeches of Members of Parliament to their constituents. You find them secession to the backbone. Is there any question about Lindsay's language, or Captain Jarvis, or Bulwer Lytton? I like Bulwer for his frankness and his honesty. He is no hypocrite. He talks as he thinks, and says that he hopes the country will not only break up in two, but in four pieces! It is already too powerful, and its growth should be checked. England's neutrality consists in giving all her sympathy to the rebels. Suppose you and I, Mr. Chairman, were friends for forty years' acquaintance, and some night in the highway a burglar tries to assassinate you after having stolen your money, would you not think it almost out of the pale of humanity in this civilized age to have me remain neutral? or, what is worse, to hear me cheer the thief on his bloody work? (Chairman.—It is not a fair analogy.) Analogy or not, that is England's position to-day towards America! (No, no). Ere many months you may have revolution in this garden island—the revolution that arises from a starving population—for is there not unmistakable signs of a corn famine in Ireland, and a cotton famine in England? Suppose such to happen, and class should be arrayed against class, would you not think it damnable for America to join the rebels, and cry lustly for the destruction of this proud nation, as England is continuing to cry for America's ruin? (Hear, hear, and No.) Here are the facts I wish to make known. The South has always been the enemy of England, as the North has been her friend, (Hear, and True.) Every act of hostility has emanated from that quarter. Look along our history's page. What was the non-intercourse Act previous to the last war but a Southern institution? Was not the Embargo Act and the war of 1812 itself a Southern institution? The whole North was against it, and the Hartford conventionites, to this day are subjects of derision by the Southerners for the sympathy New England showed for Old England. (Hear, and cheers.) What was the High Tariff Act, the twenty-five cent. a yard duty on cotton goods of 1816, but a Southern institution? All New England voted against Mr. Calhoun's American system. It was the same in 1820 and 1824; but the South having passed their high tariff, the North showed its enterprize by putting up cotton mills, and it was not for some years after (1828) that the North voted for protection. Then Mr. Calhoun, in 1832, wanted to kill the bantling he had created in 1816, and because he could not succeed, started his hell-born nullification cry, which was so summarily stopped by General Jackson. What was the Mexican war but a Southern institution to get new slave lands? What were the Filibustering expeditions against Cuba but Southern institutions? Where did Lopez hail from? Where Walker? Where did Lynch law, the bowie-knife, and the duelist originate, but in the South? Is not repudiation purely a Southern institution? Who was it that showed their sympathies against England in the Russian war but the entire democratic party, which for forty years has been a Southern institution? The Whigs were with England, but the Democrats cheered the Russian arms. These are all Southern institutions, and certainly, Negro Slavery is not an institution of the North. Where, then, does England find food for sympathy with the damned traitors in this hell-born conspiracy? Was it the North or South who sent the contributions to Ireland in their distress? (Hear, hear.) Was it the North or the South who put the flags at half-mast on the death of Havelock? (cheers.) and tell me, gentlemen, who received the son of your Queen with open arms, but the proud children of our northern country? Boiling over with goodwill to England, we took the prince and embraced him, because we loved this old land, and its mighty associations. (Cheers.) We loved to mix our history and lose it even in yours.

(Cheers.) We loved your Christian Queen and showed all these things in the warm and honest reception we gave her son. (Loud cheers.) All this was in the North, but when he crossed the border into the slave country, he hastened away quickly for fear of repeated insult! Yes, gentlemen, it was in the capital of the so-called Confederate States, Richmond, that the Prince of Wales feared the action of the mob, and saw for the first time that he was not welcome in the land where once his ancestors ruled. (Hear, and true.) Knowing then, that all these acts of violence and hostility against England came from the South, you can imagine the disgust of the North at reading the *Times* day after day, and the *Telegraph*, the *Herald*, the *Chronicle*, and nearly all the entire British press, encouraging the rebels on in their unchristian work! England has made a mistake—a fatal mistake. To make sure that I am not in the wrong, I am preparing a book of opinions of the press—extracts from speeches of members of Parliament and the Ministry, which will prove the hostility of England against the Federal power. Mr. Bell asks, how could we have done otherwise than remain neutral? But I maintain that you are not neutral. When you find two boys at blows you must not forget that while you do not enter the ring, the more you hurrah for Bill the stronger it makes him, and the more it discourages Joe. You cheer one side continually and hiss the other, and call it *neutrality*. (Hear, hear, and applause.) However, it has taught America one lesson—that is, not to put her trust in princes, (laughter,) but to rely on her own strong arm. It has opened her eyes to many things, but none more important than this—namely, that England may war with Russia, France with Austria, and all Europe may be blazing away with the flash of musketry, the clank of armor, and the sound of cannon without America being affected. But when America, desirous of showing off her military nature, gets up a little national sham fight within her own borders in three months' time with a million of soldiers, fires off a million of rifles, discharges a million of revolvers, and has her artillery booming on every hill—I say, when the American people, in the absence of foreign war, get up a grand review and kill ten thousand traitors on the *champs du Mars* of the Potomac, all the world tremblingly stops to gaze, and all the world's commerce becomes deranged. (Hear, hear.) Europe may fight, but America cares not. America plays with firearms to keep her hand in, and Europe is pale for fear, for it has come to pass that the commerce of the United States with Europe sums up each year *one hundred millions of pounds sterling*.

Stop this commerce for twelve months, and millions here are thrown out of employment. (Hear.) Even my friend, Mr. Wood, will feel it, in the absence of orders from the shipyards of the North. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) I have listened with earnestness to the bold words of Mr. Morse. I meet him to-night for the first time, and I congratulate at last our people at having a live consul to represent them in London. (Cheers.) We have had enough of dead men, God knows. (Cheers.) His Union sentiments are refreshing. Now we shall have no more treason-hatching in the American consulates of England. His predecessor was buying muskets all the time—so was it at Liverpool, and so was it with the Paris Embassy—the flag was outraged, the consuls and the ministers are guilty of high treason, and should suffer the doom of traitors. No man dared to speak out until the Russian Ambassador arrived. I endorse every word of Cassius M. Clay, and wish all our representatives were equally national! I say, I welcome our new consul, and give him a cordial shake of the hand over his brave, bold words for the land I love; and you, too, my eloquent friend from Georgia—whose name shall not go into the journals, for I would not have your children who remain in the State suffer for your love of the Union—you, too, we welcome for your honest defence of the nation—you have astonished many present by your graphic description of affairs in the South. I knew it must be so; I knew that the Southern country was full of Union men, who will spring around the flag the moment our forces land in Savannah! (Yes, and Cheers.) Secession, in your part of the country, is fashionable; no wonder the fair Southern ladies are enraged; for all their crinoline was used up long ago, and they do not make it in the South. (Laughter.) How can they be out of fashion? They believed that Mrs. Davis would hold levees in Washington; they believed that Mr. Walker would raise the traitor's flag on the capitol; but when the Truth breaks upon them, what a sensation of shame awaits them; for it must be a terrible thing to realize that they have been the wives and daughters and sisters who have made red so many battle fields. It looks to me, I am sorry to say, as though the rebellion was nearly dead—the war nearly over. (Oh.) I want it to last another year. (Oh, and No.) I want Europe and England to know us better, and another year's war will best explain our strength. I have a policy of my own. Away with free trade these distracted days. Let England have her own laws and let America have hers. You may not agree with me—few people do—(laughter)—but nevertheless I have opinions, and I'll express them, even if the distinguished archangel who got put out of Court on a memorable occasion had

his carriage at the door. (Cheers and loud laughter.) Here is my platform: Take Japan and China for a model; that is, live a few years by ourselves—(cheers)—clap an export duty on our cotton and our tobacco, and double the Morrill Tariff. ("Oh," and "No, no.") Destroy the port of Charleston—make a Sebastopol of its forts, and block up its channels, and give Beaufort or Savannah all its commerce. Partition the State and ink-blot her name out of the map. (Hear.) Build the Pacific Railroad and establish a line of swift steamers between San Francisco and China. Make New York the stock market of the world. Establish military schools; have a decent army—it looks respectable when you want a review. (Laughter.) Augment the navy, and give Spain a hammering for her impudence in landing in St. Domingo. (Hear.) Wait till she gets into Mexico—under the guarantee of France and Spain, and get the military roads built, then let the Northern and Southern army close up and take Cuba as a dependency, and carry out the Monroe doctrine. (Hear, hear.) We want more room. (Laughter.) We are getting cramped and crowded, and we must have an outlet for the rush of emigrants that will pour into the country when we declare peace. Put a discriminating duty on, shutting out English goods, if England continues to side with the rebels. Don't get alarmed, gentlemen, you know it is all fun. (Loud laughter.) You know you call me eccentric, and I must keep up the illusion. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) England has slept in the middle of the bed long enough! (Loud laughter.) The times are changing. The speck on the horizon is already bigger than an ox-cart. (Laughter.) The fires of free opinions have been smouldering in Europe for nearly fifteen years. Poor Poland is in sackcloth and ashes! Hungary sleeps awakingly, and will shortly spring upon the enemy's camp, when Caprera's chief will land in Venice. France groans under a disordered commerce and a diseased finance. Europe has enough to look after without troubling herself with America. Let America lock her gates for a while—economize—buy no foreign fabrics—live within herself—manufacture her own cotton, and take the profit we have so long given to England. Our strength is shown by this contest. Six hours of such rebellion would have changed a dynasty in France; six days in Austria, or Prussia, or Spain. Six weeks without a Ministry would capsize the English Constitution; but after six months of preparation, America begins to show her strength. It was a clever move of the President, in this great national game of chess, to give up Fort Sumter—always give away a castle to checkmate your opponent. (Hear, hear.) The Cabinet have done nobly—Seward upholds our foreign relations and proved himself the man we knew he was So has Chase—and Welles, with his five hundred ships of war, armed to the teeth; and Cameron, too, with his half a million of fighting men. (Hear and cheers.) I don't believe the reports of corruption in the departments; they are circulated by rebel spies and enemies of the country. I have faith in Seward and Cameron and Welles and Chase, and know the President is an honest man. (Loud cheers.) I like the strong measures of the administration. In times like these one cannot do things too firmly—act first and apologize afterwards—strain a point in the Constitution if necessary to save a nation—over with the spies—down with the traitorous women—down with the vile hoards who invest the country with their treason—macadamize Fort Lafayette with the best bones of the land if they have crystalized into Patricides. The civil power is nothing when a country is to be saved—give us martial law—overboard with Habeas Corpus Act, and command obedience with the sword and the gallows. Yes, gentlemen, to put down treason, I would put on the thumbscrew. Out with the guillotine—raise the inquisition, and enforce the law, at whatever cost of money or men. Break up the printing press—shut the month that dare to breathe against the "Army of the Constitution." Who thinks of saving brush and comb, sponge and towel, when the house is in flames? Who stops for overcoat and carpet-bag when the ship is in the breakers? Who thinks of wearing white kids when shells are exploding in the drawing-room? Let the administration save the nation, and overlook any little things that may have been omitted. (Hear, hear.) Christians hate Iscariot—Romans despise Cataline—Americans loathe the name of Arnold. So will the Southern pirate chieftains in their exile be marked with contempt by the patriots of the Constitution! Separation is impossible! Annihilation absurd! Who ever heard of twenty millions being annihilated? America must change her policy. Be more republican—(laughter)—lest aristocratic overcome our modesty, and not be too religious about forms. America fights with her own men—our soldiers go to battle for glory, law, liberty—Europeans fight for pay. Ours is a volunteer army; we have no Hessians or hired battalions. Our thirty million loan so readily taken by our people is nothing to what we can do; England spends that sum every year on army and navy. The days of Perry and Decatur and Paul Jones, are to be revived. The fleets are off—a new set of tactics—take Hatteras!—send back the North Carolina troops, telegraphs the governor. Take Savannah!—send back the Georgian regiments, telegraphs the general in command to Beauregard;—take New Orleans!—send

back the Louisiana contingent, and shortly Beauregard is left high and dry without an army, having reduced Virginia to a desert, like a vineyard destroyed by locusts. Where is Beauregard?—alone, uncared for, forgotten. Where is Davis?—ill in mind, ill in body, the shattered frame battling with the diseased brain and the seared conscience. The North flourishes amid the clash of arms—stocks rising, bullion increasing, ships launching, factories building, corn shipping, while the South is paralyzed, and England and the world wondering where it is all to end! Why do consols droop day after day unless there is some terrible secret in Downing Street? Why does France borrow two millions from the Bank of England unless France is about to lead an army somewhere? Verily the *times are changing;* and it may turn out that America is not only the richest country, but possesses one-half the common sense, three-fourths the enterprise, and seven-eighths the beauty of the world! (Laughter, and loud applause.)

LETTER TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

[The following is the letter to the "New York Herald," which was so extensively copied throughout America and caused so much hostility against Mr. Train in England.]

No. 18 St. James street,
London, November 9, 1861.

When steamships, owned by Englishmen, loaded by Englishmen, dispatched by Englishmen, manned by Englishmen, continue to leave English ports, under English colors, under the very eyes of the American Legation and the English Foreign-office, full of goods contraband of war, in aid of those in open rebellion against the Federal government, when Lord Palmerston replies to Mr. Adams, "Yes, we know it—catch them if you can;" when it becomes generally known that the English army is secession, the English navy is secession, the English church is secession, the English parliament is secession, the English aristocracy is secession, the English mercantile marine, and the English banker, are secession, as you may any day see by reading the secession articles in the English secession—daily, weekly, and monthly—press. I say, when you see the entire dress circle of England is secession to the back bone, it is time to declare, from personal observation, that the English pit is sound, and goes for the Union to the last.

The boxes breathe hostility, but the galleries are true to the Union cause.

War between England and America is absurd, simply because when the war cabinet declares war, the peace people will demand peace. The people of England will not fight the people of America; but the leaders are doing their best to egg them on to bloodshed. The driver of the stage coach can place all the passengers in the river if he chooses. But the Premier fears that he cannot jump off in time to save his own neck. English politics are in a rotten state—nobody knows anybody. German politics are equally mixed. French politics are muddy. Russian politics are rather hazy. While American politics are divided into the party of traitors and the party of patriots.

There are more of the former in Europe than the latter, I regret to say. Secession seems fashionable with many of our merchants and bankers abroad. They think it for their interest to be neutral, as they call it. I consider neutrality the basest kind of treachery. An open enemy is preferable to a neutral friend. The highwayman who demands your money or your life, in open road, is nobler than the scamp who fires at you from behind a tree, and robs you afterwards.

England's neutral position is contemptible. I have seen one, two, three vessels load under my very face with cannon, rifles, shoes and blankets, for the southern conspirators.

Tessier took in eighteen large rifled guns, two 120 pound Whitworths, 7500 Enfield, 18,000 Belgian rifles, 90,000 pairs of shoes, and 90,000 overcoats in the "Bermuda." The "Fingal" left the Spanish shore a fortnight since with a duplicate cargo. The "Thomas Watson," I am glad to see, has been sunk off Charleston. One or two other vessels are now due at the pirate rendezvous. But this letter, made public through your columns, is to make sure and stop the "Gladiator," eighty horse power, six hundred tons; steams nine and a half knots; old Lisbon screw steam packet; sold by Bake, Adam & Co.; loaded by the Private Joint Stock Company (unlimited) of English and Southern secessionists, with six hundred cases rifles, cannon, shoes, blankets, provisions, and a large quantity of gunpowder, which she took in last night at Erith. She clears to-day for Teneriffe and Nassau.

I have given all these particulars to A. B. Marchand, Esq., commander United States war steamship "James Adger," just arrived

at Southampton *via* Queenstown and Falmouth, one hundred and sixty-three men and nine guns, who is fully alive to capturing this English pirate. Estimated value of cargo, sixty thousand pounds sterling—having on board the requisites for an army of twenty-five thousand men. The chief men in the company are reported to be Sabel (passenger and ship broker, Liverpool), Capt. D. W. Hughes (southerner), Prieleard (Charleston firm of Frazer, Newhelm & Co., Liverpool), Bake Adams & Co. (purchasers and dispatchers of the steamer), and Isaac Campbell & Co. (army outfitters, Jermyn street, London). The business is done in shares, and is so profitable, that, if two ships are taken, the "Bermuda's" profit will cover the loss of thé others. Capt. Bird will go in command, Harrop as mate, Hughes as supercargo; bales and cases marked W. D. H. in a triangle beneath.

If your gunboats get this information on the arrival of this mail, they can—in case she escapes the "James Adger"—catch her at Nassau. There they will, no doubt, discharge into schooners, not wishing so many eggs in one basket. She will be twenty days in getting out—ample time to catch her.

The foregoing facts may be relied upon as far as possible. A detective watches all their movements, and these pirate merchants may possibly find out that they are watched and all their plans known by some of the loyal Americans in England.

England permits these ships to leave. Yet last March, you remember, the British government seized the cargoes of arms dispatched from Italy to the Dardanelles, even before she knew, or yet knows, anything of their projected destination. But when the munitions of war are against the government of Washington, Lord John Russell writes to Hayman, of Liverpool, that they must take upon themselves all the risk of the hazardous enterprise.

Free flag covers free goods. But rifles, cannon and gunpowder, are not free goods when bound to the American coast where war is raging against the government.

England recognizes the United States government, and is bound to give moral, if not physical support to our Legation. Is England ambitious to be the fitting-out shop of all the filibustering nations of the world? Such conduct only prolongs the contest, retards the arrival of cotton, postpones a return of reciprocal commerce.

Cunard refused war supplies in his steamers for the North. So did Inman. But here, in open day, ships load for the South in sight of Downing street, in the middle of the Thames. If these things go on so unblushingly, how long, pray, will it be before England and America will add to the horror of the contest by a hand-in-hand engagement between themselves? Cotton really appears to be king. England blows hot and blows cold, always taking the weakest side, simply to bring down the strongest.

I learn that the secessionists are negotiating for the "Punjaub" and "Assaye," 1800 tons each, eight hundred horse power, Malabar teak, three deckers; steam eleven to fourteen knots; would cost to build $1,200,000; price asked for £80.000. They are East India men-of-war, and government asks bonds for $800,000 that they should not go to America. What does this mean? Government has also lately sold, or offered to sell, nine condemned sloops of war, such as the "Carysfort," to a party who is said to have sold them to the southern navy department.

The *Times* leads off in abusing Lord Lyons for throwing himself open to such a rasping as Secretary Seward gave him on the interpretation of the American Constitution. Bad grammar, bad diplomacy, bad taste, was met by sound history, stubborn fact, and patriotic logic. Hurrah for the Union, the Constitution, and the Country.

The cotton famine has saved the manufacturers from ruin, and put the burthen upon the masses. The world's hongs were stocked with Manchester goods, and another year of plenty of cotton would have ruined half Lancashire. High prices of cotton on hand clears off nearly all their renewed bills.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

P. S.—Ship had not cleared up to two o'clock, P. M. Sails Monday for Teneriffe, more will follow. I am told that $2,000,000 have been deposited for similar cargoes.

CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

[*From the London American of November* 27, 1861.]

The Staffordshire papers give full reports of Mr. Train's address on the American question. We do not endorse his sentiments about the American Minister's Peace platform at the Lord Mayor's dinner—believing that Mr. Adams' speech was for conciliation. We make the following extract from the journals;—

On Thursday evening, Mr. G. F. Train, well known as the promoter and patentee of the Potteries Street Railway, addressed a large and highly respectable audience in

the Lecture Hall at the Mechanics' Institution, Hanley, Nov. 25, 1861, on the subject of the civil war in America. A charge was made for admission, the profits being devoted to the benefit of the Borough Ragged School and the Bryan-street Ragged School. A model of the street railway about which Mr. Train had promised to speak at the concluclusion of his lecture on the American war, was placed on the platform for exhibition. The Mayor of Hanley (B. Boothroyd, Esq.,) presided, and among those on the platform and in the body of the Hall were Mr. G. F. Train; Mr. Starbuck (Managing Director of the Surrey Side Street Railway, London); Mr. Hathaway (Street Railway Contractor, America); W. Webberley, Esq., Chief Bailiff of Longton; Ald. Dimmock; Ald. Keeling; Mr. E. T. Bodley; Mr. J. Macintyre; Mr. G. Sergeant; Mr. G. J. Walker; Mr. E. Walley; Mr. J. Forbes; Mr. E. Allbut; Mr. J. S. Forbes; Mr. J. Webberley; Ald. Ridgway; Mr H. Pidduck; Mr. C. Jones; Mr. Cunningham, &c., &c.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said they had the pleasure of meeting that evening to hear some remarks upon America by an American. America was a country in which they all felt a peculiar interest. He dare say the majority of them had either relatives, friends, or acquaintances in that country, and they could not say that of any other country in the world. Circumstances like those would create in them a peculiar feeling of interest in America, and when they considered that they had extensive commercial relations with that country. America being by far our largest foreign customer, while England was the largest foreign customer for the products of America, how intimately the prosperity of the two nations was bound up together, and when they knew that at the present moment 30,000,000 of Americans were suffering under the calamity of civil war, he need scarcely say that anything relating to America had an unusual interest just now. He need not say that there existed in this country the deepest regret that such a calamity had fallen upon a people who had sprung from ourselves, spoke our language, and between whom and ourselves a cordial intimacy had always existed. (Applause.)

Mr. Train who was very hoarse, said he was not fit to speak, still he could not see why he should apologize for having caught cold. (Laughter and hear.) He would, however, tell them what he had been doing for the last few days, and then, if he did not exactly come up to the mark, they would excuse him. On Sunday, night at half-past nine, he left for Darlington, where he arrived at half-past four in the morning. He there met with Mr. Pease, M. P., Mr. Macnay of the Darlington R. R., and Mr. Thompson of the Darlington *Times*, and contracted for a street railway to be opened in three weeks—all the shares were taken by the townspeople. From there he went to London, and spoke at Aldershott, where he agreed to construct a street railway to the camp. (Hear.) He returned to town, and went to Southampton, where, on Wednesday night, he addressed an audience. He left Southampton at half-past one that morning, for London, leaving there at ten o'clock, to meet a board of directors at Burslem at three, and here he was prompt at seven to meet his engagement with the good people of Hanley! (Loud applause.) And therefore, if he could not speak so well as might have been expected, it was on account of fatigue. No higher compliment could be paid to an American than for him to be invited by an English committee to address an English audience, for an English charity—on a subject dear to every true patriot—his native land. (Applause.) He had been told that some of them were secessionists, and that he must not be too strong in his arguments. If they thought he had come down to make a secession speech they were much mistaken. (Laughter.) He had come to speak of the United States of America. He had not come to represent Treason, but he would attempt to throw out a few ideas as to the state of things in America. He did not think English people understood the case at all. They knew nothing of America, and he was astonished at it, as he knew everything about Staffordshire long before he came there. Ten years ago, at the head of the house of Train & Co., Liverpool, he was shipping Staffordshire crates in the Boston packets, and in Boston he did nothing for five years but receive and discharge receipts for crates and packages that came from Staffordshire. (Applause.) He only wished they knew America as well as he knew England. He was going to tell them a few plain facts, and if spoken plainly they must put it down to his way of saying things. He had come there to represent the Union. (Applause.) He was a Northerner by birth and a Northerner by education. Still he had lived in the South. His father, his mother and three of his sisters lay there victims of the fatal miasma which sometimes swept through the Southern cities. They left him when he was four years of age, and he then went to his Northern home, Some of his ancestors were from Baltimore and were slave owners, but he was a Northern man, and loved his country better than any other place on the globe. (Hear, hear.) The Americans were called proud people. They were proud and well they might be, for they never saw a nation rise so rapidly into power as America had done. (Applause.) He loved his native country, and when conspirators came in to divide it, and break up their nationality, he felt it time to speak.

But what had astonished him was, that there should be any secessionists in England. He thought England was a true country, true to herself and true to other nations.

Mr. Train continued —But you have not been true to us—be not surprised then if I speak in earnest—if I talk with emphasis—for I feel every word I say. You call us proud—we are. You call us sensitive—you are right again. So proud we will receive no dictation from other nations—so sensitive we will support our flag or perish in the attempt. (Applause.) England did not understand us before the rebellion, she does not understand us now, but the time is not far off when she will know more of our geography, our history, our agriculture, our manufactures, our politics, and the extent of our army and navy. Let me tell you what this rebellion is not. It is not a question of abolition as against slavery—(oh)—it is not the tariff agitation by protection against free trade—neither is it for subjugation, for conquest, or for power—(hear, hear,)—but we are fighting for national life. (Cheers.) There is something terrible in the death of a great nation. We are fighting for our flag, and before we drop the weapons, we intend to prove to the world that we will have one Constitution, one Congress, one Country, and a flag to float over its capitol. (Cheers.) To-night I shall call things by their Christian names, a shovel will be named a shovel—a crate a crate—and a secessionist, a rebel, a renegade, and a traitor. (Hear, hear.) The question in America was not one of abolition or of slavery. They must pardon him when he told them that they, in the North, when they talked of abolition, were no more in earnest than they (the English) were. (Oh! and laughter.) Had they not for forty years been studying the doctrines of Wilbeforce to graduate in favor of slavery! (Hear, hear.) Ask the apostle of Exeter Hall why he makes such a clamor against slavery, when he wears a slave-grown cravat, slave-grown hose, a slave-grown shirt, sweetened his coffee with slave-grown sugar, smokes slave-grown tobacco, and makes a chimney of his nose with slave-grown snuff! (Loud laughter.) He believed all of them had partaken of slave-grown corn, and about five and a-half millions sterling of their revenue went towards paying the expenses of this great empire, was obtained by a protective tariff on slave-grown tobacco. (Yes, and hear.) With such facts before them, how they dared speak to an American in opposition to slavery he did not know. (Loud applause.) He considered it the very sublimity of cheek. (Laughter and applause.) They would hardly believe it, but the Americans were emphatically a modest people—(laughter)—that is, compared with the supreme assumption of Englishmen—(oh!)—and if he felt or manifested any diffidence in addressing them, they must put it down to the national timidity which characterized his countrymen. (Renewed laughter.) He must tell them that he was astonished at England's ignorance of America. They took everything that was good in American Institutions and said it was English, while everything that was bad was purely trans-Atlantic. Their idea of a polished American had been taken from the stage or from *Punch*. They fancied a long wiry fellow with striped trousers, a bowie-knife in one hand and a revolver in the other, a quid of tobacco in his month and brandy smashers in his pocket—(loud laughter)—with no spittoon on the floor, and with his feet not upon the hearth. (Hear, hear.) That man, he assured them, was purely a Southern institution. (Hear, hear, and laughter) They had no such men in the North. He had heard a deal of bowie-knives, and he was told there were plenty in Birmingham, but he could assure them he never saw one, and did not know what kind of a knife it was. (Oh!) You know nothing of our people. He was disgusted to hear a lady remark at a west-end party that an American was below, and, on inquiry, to find that his distinguished countryman was as black as the ace of spades! (Loud laughter.) You are from Boston, asked another. Yes. Do tell me if Boston is one of your slave States? (Laughter.) The subscriber smiled. You may know a brother of mine in America; but, as the lady gave no locality, he went on to say that in Washington, New York, and Boston he was well acquainted, and asked, In what part, madam, of America is your brother? With an inimitable curtsey, In Brazil, she replied. (Loud laughter, and "Oh, oh.") An American dislikes to be complimented on speaking such good English, when he knows he speaks better than they do in England. ("Oh," and applause.) The fact was, Americans were only Englishmen in another hemisphere, with superior education to themselves. (Laughter.) As he told them before the question at issue was not a question of abolition or of slavery.

For twenty-five years they had been doing nothing but talking about negroes and black men, but they would excuse him if he stated his decided preference for white men, and that he liked white women better than black women. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) He could assure them he would rather have one white child than a dozen negro babies. (Renewed laughter.) That, of course, was only a matter of taste; but he found, on taking stock of the negroes, that they were altogether a different kind of animal. He examined some 1,300 negro skulls the other day, and he was astonished to find, on measuring them, that, on the average, a negro

possessed nine cubic inches less brain than a Caucasian. (Hear, hear.) The negroes were a different people entirely, and the English did not understand the question. They were always telling them what they had done in the West Indies, but he had made the discovery that the twenty millions they paid was only added to the national debt, and England, with her usual modesty, treated the matter as a cash transaction. (Hear and laughter.) He had also discovered that eighty four per cent. of the cotton received in England was sent from America; hence, if they took two-thirds of the cotton, they owned two-thirds of every negro in the country. (Applause and laughter.) And he must tell them that if their worthy mayor stole a lot of pears, and their bishop ate of the fruit knowing it was stolen, he was equally guilty of the theft. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, he told them it was not a question of abolition or slavery. Neither was it a question of free trade or protection. England is not a free-trade country, and never has been. It is all gammon about her free trade. (Laughter.) The other night Mr. Yancey made a speech at Fishmongers' Hall about freedom of thought and freedom of speech in the South, but he could tell them that for thirty years there had been nothing of the kind in the country. (Hear, hear.) The Southerner came to New York, lectured in their halls, and bearded them in their homes, yet was treated with every courtesy; but when the Northerner went to the South he was muzzled on the very threshold, insulted in every way, and did they not the other day take a British captain from his ship and tar and feather him on the quay at Mobile? (Hear, hear.) They never did that in the North. When addressing an audience some days since, he asked them who sent those ship-loads of corn at the time of the Irish famine? They did not come from the South. And let him tell them another thing. Americans loved England, her institutions, and her Queen. They waited long years for an opportunity to make a demonstration, and when they sent the proud heir of these proud islands, was he not received with an outburst of good feelings from the multitudes of the North country? (Yes, and loud applause.) They could not say that was done for the almighty dollar. (Applause.) But when the Prince of Wales crossed the border and went to Richmond, the so-called capital of the Confederate States, he was insulted in the very streets, and the Duke of Newcastle thought it prudent to get him out of the slave city as soon as possible. As he said before, the question was not one of abolition or slavery, free trade or protection, but a question of treason!—vile, unblushing treason. (Hear, hear.) But he would give them an illustration of the situation. Suppose Lord Palmerston at the head of a Liberal Government—a Liberal cabinet in power—saw by the signs of the times that a dissolution would take place, and he should be ousted from office. He accordingly made his arrangements, and placed men of his own party at the head of every department in the country. He distributed all the arms in the Tower among his partizans, he placed his own friends at Woolwich and Portsmouth, he seized all the government funds, tampered with all the government offices, and when a dissolution came in the country by a unanimous vote said they would have the Conservatives to rule them, but the Liberal party said nay, we will not give way to the majority, but will have Manchester, Liverpool, Ireland, and other parts of the Empire. (Hear.) That was just what the Southerners had done in America, and he wanted to know how they could endorse such sentiments. (Hear, hear.) They had not understood the position of things in America. The Northerners step by step and year by year had always been their friends. Who had consumed the enormous quantities of manufactured goods which had been sent from this country? There were twenty millions of people in the North, and but ten millions in the South, and it was the North that had consumed them, and the North had also furnished the money to plant the cotton in the South. (Hear.) The North had all the manufacturing interests of the country. The mechanics came from the North. They could not get a bale of cotton from the Southern plantations, unless it was moved by Northern capital, and when it was in a Southern port it could not go further without the aid of Northern ships. (Hear, hear.) The thousands of miles of railroad had been built by Northern men and paid for by Northern money. They cannot make a locomotive, nor brooms, nor car wheels, nor steam boats, nor shoes. (Hear.) Whisky that bears the same position in the Southern country that beer does in England, wine in France, arrack in India, all comes from the North. They cannot even get drunk without Northern assistance. (Loud laughter.) Their bacon, butter, beef, and pork all come from the West. They do not even raise enough corn, or hay, or vegetables, for their own use. Exchange is always against them. Cotton is bought by draft, usually at sixty days. They get cash for raw material, while the North trusts from six to eighteen months. They are now fighting on Northern capital. They owed £40,000,000 of private debts, which they repudiated. (Shame.) The first basis of a gentleman is mercantile honor. (Applause.) About Fort Sumter days, a New Orleans' merchant telegraphed to his old correspondent in New York for 1,000 barrels of flour. "Eat your cotton, darn you," was the emphatical reply. (Laughter and oh!) What has the South accomplished thus far?

Did they not commence as Napier did before going to Cronstadt?—yet they have not accomplished even as much as the old admiral. (Laughter.) In forty-four fights the Government have fairly won thirty-nine. (Oh!) The South claim that 10,000 men took ninety at Sumter, and assassinated Ellsworth at Alexandria, and a Bull Run. (Here Mr. Train was interrupted for some time with hear, hear, laughter, cheers, and What of Bull Run?) At Bull Run the great fact was proved that I have always failed to convince Englishman, that the Americans were not troubled with the gout? (Loud cheers and continued laughter.) No—the Bull Run affair was a desperate battle. The Federal troops marched fifteen miles without food, before the battle, and fought like demons all day—(Hear, and applause)—and had won the victory when a portion of the army not engaged were broken by the baggage wagons galloping through for ammunition—and hence the panic. (Hear.) I believe the rebel army were going at the same pace towards Richmond—(loud laughter)—and in charity to our troops that moved backward faster than the laws of brave men allow, I believe that they thought that some of the rebel army had got behind them, so they rushed back to the attack. (Loud laughter and oh.) Munchausen Russell was the first to get to Washington in order to give an eye-witness picture of a battle that he not only never saw, but was not within some miles of. (Hear, hear.) Like the hound sent to clear the field of wolves, the latest report was, by the old farmer, who said they were going about forty miles an hour: but if anything the dog was a leetle ahead! (Loud laughter.) Davis, himself, thought it a drawn battle—see his dispatch that night. Again, take Ball's Bluff, there was some terrible fighting. The Massachusetts boys faced death in every way. Rifles to the right of them, rifles to the left of them, rifles in front of them volleyed and thundered, but they sought death rather than dishonor—(applause)—and fought one against ten. I claim Ball's Bluff a great victory for northern bravery. (Hear.) Yes, wherever Northern patriot has met Southern traitor he has won the victory against great odds. (Hear.) The South commenced with loud boasts, but have been penned up like so many rats—yes, pi-rates in a cage. (Laughter.) On the other hand, what has the North not done? Heenan and Sayers trained for many months before the fight. They were eating raw meat and striking sand bags for weeks, and so America has only been putting herself in sparring trim. The Southerners being our own people we commenced with gloves, but wait till we commence the mill. (Hear, hear.) They say that we have done nothing? It is nothing to improvise an army of 500,000 men out of our farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen in three months? (Hear, hear.) Is it nothing to cut a navy of 500 vessels of war out of the forest since Sumter? (Loud applause.) Is it nothing to make 4,000 miles of coast air-tight and shut up every bale of cotton? (Hear.) Is it nothing to draw a line-of-battle 1,500 miles from Hatteras to St. Louis, so that no rebel can pass except as a prisoner of war? (Applause.) Is it nothing to take up £30,000,000 Government loan, and £20,000,000 more State loans in four months? (Loud cheers.) Perhaps England is right—it is nothing—nothing like what the United States can do when aroused to action against a foreign foe, instead of crushing out domestic conspiracy! (Hear, hear.) Wait till you hear from the fleet, the largest the world ever saw. That Norman party at Hastings was nothing, and the Spanish Armada was composed of one-horse frigates. (Laughter and cheers.) Cæsar's Donkey Expedition over the Rubicon was a disgrace to the civilized age in which he lived. (Hear and laughter) England's neutrality in this matter consists in assisting in every way the rebels. It was on the 23rd of April that Fort Sumter surrendered, and on the 6th of May England showed such unnecessary haste to acknowledge the South as beligerents. That was what he objected to on the question of neutrality. If they were neutral, why did they not show it in a practical way? The other day he went to the American minister, Mr. Adams, and asked him if he knew the ship Gladiator was in the London docks, loaded to the brim with 1,000 cases of rifles and amunition, with cannon and blankets, and shots and powder. The goods are shipped in broad day-light—English ship, English captain, English crew, you may go any day and see the goods go out from Isaacs, Cambell & Co., German Street, marked $\{\overset{\text{W. D.}}{\text{H.}}\}$

Did not the Bermuda take 90,000 pairs of shoes, 90,000 blankets, and large quantities of munitions of war? Has not the Fingal sailed with a similar cargo? Is not the Pacific now loading at Southampton with another death cargo? (Hear.) And yet this is England's neutrality. (Hear.)

In the Canadian rebellion all arms were stopped by the American Government on the frontier. Why, then, does not Lord John Russell take similar action? No, the fact is England, ignorant of our position, thinks she can sell more goods to two Governments than to one. Yes, Lord John Russell said he could not prevent it, they must catch her if they could, and that was their neutrality. (Shame.) They ought to stop the vessel on their shores, and they might save 10,000 lives. England is Secession; her army is Secession, her navy is Secession, her church is Secession, and her

bankers vote for treason; her merchants cheer for traitors, and her statesmen endorse all, and even laud the sentiment. (No, and hear.) So as England cheers for treason, let me vary my discourse and cheer with her. Hurrah for treason! Ireland awake—arise—strike again, O'Brien and your compeers, for England decides for treason! Chartists of '48 leave once more your hiding-places and create anarchy in this fair land, for England offers up her prayers for treason! Where is Papineau and M'Kenzie? Lose no time Canadians—you are nobody now—be up and doing, for England believes in treason! Nena Sahib come forth from the jungle, and seek another Cawnpore, and be successful, since England has decided that treason is lawful and should receive support! Yes, Mr. Mayor, what is wrong with us cannot be right with you. (Hear, hear.) You love your country—I love mine—and it chills my heart to hear your leaders all siding with the traitors, who, when they found they could not reign in Heaven determined to rule in Hell—(hear)—our Government stands almost alone among your statesmen. The Duke of Argyle says some brave words for us, so did the China member for Brighton; and Mr. Baxter spoke kindly, and the *Daily News* befriends us, and the *Morning Star;* but what are these few advocates and friends among so many enemies? Sir John Bowring dares to compare such men, as Davis, Cobb, and Floyd, with the nation's benefactors, Washington and Jefferson and Madison—(shame,)—and Beresford Hope disgraces all the rules of fair debate in calling the North a hot-bed of anarchy!—General Scott a second-rate soldier!—Secretary Seward an unprincipled politician, and the President of our nation an incapable pretender! (Shame.) How singular that all these gentlemen(?) volunteer their advice to the North. Nobody has any counsel for the rebels. What they do must of course be proper. They can rob and violate and murder—they can repudiate and lynch and lie—and their base metal, forsooth, can pass for the purest gold. ("No," and hear, hear.) This same Beresford Hope is the man who testified before Mr. Yardley that the flange of the Bayswater rail was two inches high, while the rail itself was about a foot and a half! (Hear, and laughter.) On examination, I saw that he carries an eye-glass—hence his short-sighted view of American politics. (Hear, and laughter.) It is sufficient for our people to know that this slanderer and libeler is about the greatest failure that ever lost his seat in the House of Commons. (Applause.) Is not England a model nation? (Hear, hear.) Does not the Englishman look upon his Island home as the *ne plus ultra* of kingdoms—(applause,)—the *sine qua non* of all his hope, the *ultima thule* of his desire? (Hear and laughter.) Yet England recommends peaceful separation! In this case we prefer England's example to her advice. (Laughter.) The way to make the church triumphant is to make the church militant. She puts down rebellion with the bayonet. 'Twas the sword gave England to the Norman. 'Twas the bayonet that consolidated France. England subjected Ireland with the sword. 'Twas the sword that conquered India. 'Twas the sword that forced China into treaties. 'Twas the sword that compelled George the Third to release his grip from the throat of the thirteen colonies he had outraged. (Hear, hear.) The ballot box is good—the council chamber is effective, but for strong diseases, what remedy is there like the sword? (Hear.) Why make an exception in the case of the American Revolution? Secession is separation—separation is dissolution,—severance between North and South is severance between East and West—State from State would be followed by city from city—and England, instead of dealing with one strong Government and one custom-house, would have her vexatious diplomacy with a dozen petty powers. (Hear, hear.) England says that North and South are composed of different elements; so are parts of all nations. Scotland is Presbyterian and England Episcopalian, yet are they not yet united? (Hear.) Does not Catholic Ireland's minority give way to Protestant England's majority? A word on Cotton. Mr. Train said they did not get their cotton from the South; they got it from the North, and if they wanted to get cotton they must give their moral sympathy to the North. Applause.) The civil war had been about the best thing that could happen to England. Their Lancashire and Yorkshire spinners had been going too fast, and I saw when looking into the Hongs of the East in my travels, that they had completely macadamized the world with cotton manufactures, and what would have been the consequence? He believed nine out of every ten of their cotton manufacturers would have been ruined—the Southerners had done the most stupid thing in the world. They had kept their cotton on the plantations, so that they will have two crops in the market at once. (Hear.)

The Lancashire and Yorkshire manufacturers by economy, by working half or quarter time, would get rid of the old stores and have a clear market, and before another year—(hear and applause)—if not sooner, would be able to get cotton at 3*d.* or 4*d.* per lb. (Applause.) The English talked of being independent of America for cotton, but they could not. (Hear, hear.) They had never been known to employ their own capital when they could get others to employ theirs for them, and did they think any prudent merchant would order cotton from India to arrive six months hence. Fibre too short in India—sugar pays better in the

West Indies than cotton—China won't—Brazil can't. They could not get it from Australia for want of labor, and they would not have the Chinese in the country, and they could not get it from Turkey or Egypt, because the natives were too indolent to cultivate it. (Loud applause.) After sixteen years talk, what had they done? If they intended to do anything, why did they not send out money to India? The Americans had got cotton, and they intended to sell it to them. (Hear, hear.) He wanted them to be the friends of America, and buy their cotton at good prices. (Applause.) England can't get loose. 'Tis absurd to hear her talk about getting supplies elsewhere. (Oh!) The Manchester Cotton Company (£80,000), Jamaica Cotton Company (£3,000), British Cotton Company (£2,900), are powerful competitors, are they not, to the American Cotton Company, capital £800,000,000? (Cheers and laughter.) To be sure this capital goes to bed at night and gets up in the morning, and being on legs may walk off some day. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) He maintained that Mr. Yancey talked treason the other night at the Fishmongers' Hall, while the American Minister was talking moral treason at the Mayor's dinner. He talked of peace. There is no peace. There can be no peace without submission to the Federal power. Mr. Adams is clever, accomplished, and made a beautiful speech; but how could he talk peace when the country is at war—when the President and Cabinet are daily fitting out expeditions? Peace enervates—corrupts—ruins nations. War purifies society and makes it stronger. You all know how important it is for a married couple to have an occasional shindy before going to bed—(loud laughter)—it makes them always so happy in the morning. (Hear and applause.) I have always thought Adam and Eve were fortunate in being *snaked* out of Paradise—(laughter.)—before their honeymoon had terminated in the usual matrimonial row? (Laughter.) Too much prosperity would send any happy party before Sir Cresswell Cresswell. (Hear.) Nothing, as Brougham says, like economizing domestic felicity to prevent satiety. Love in a cottage is absurd. (Laugher.) So I hope, next time, Mr. Adams, instead of being all sunshine, will fire away a little, in order to show that he is capable of ruling the tempest and riding on the storm. Mr. Yancey only begged that he might not be called a rebel, and for the North to give him belligerent rights; and, for once, admitted his Southern negroes superior to his Malta jackasses!—(laughter)—for did you not see in his speech that he said there "were 10,000,000 of us in the South? (Yes! Yes! and hear.) This is the first time that he ever saw the negroes placed upon a par with rebels. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Yancey's speech was feeble, and looks very much as though the "Knights of the Golden Circle," who have created this foul conspiracy, would shortly belong to the Band of the Hempen Cord! (Hear and oh!) The contest must be short. General Drunkenness, General Bragg, and General Bankruptcy are not powerful enough to cope with General Banks, General Hunter, and General McClellan. (Cheers.)

Ye sons of Liberty awake,
Your hearths and altars are at stake;
Arise! arise! for Freedom's sake,
And strike with George McClellan!

(Loud applause.) Mr. Train here became enthusiastic for his young chief:—

Behold, the hero now appears,
The chief of five-and-thirty years—
On whom there rests a nation's cheers:
Hurrah for George McClellan!

(Cheers.)

Our Western Eagle is not dead;
Again his giant wings are spread,
To sweep upon that traitor's head—
That traitor Jefferson Davis!

(Laughter and loud applause.)

What soil but spurns the traitor slave—
Oh! Liberty is for the brave;
Our cry is Union or the grave,
And on with George McClellan!

(Mr. Train spoke two hours with great energy, and concluded amid loud and continued cheering.)

A distinguished gentleman from the South, whom Mr. Train introduced as a good specimen of a Southern rebel, gave a most eloquent exposition of affairs in the Southern country. We would give his speech had he not requested, for cogent reasons, its omission.

Mr. Train asked the Chairman to invite the meeting to express its opinion, in reference to the civil war, by replying to the following question:—"Who are the most worthy of the sympathy of England, the 20,000,000 Unionists in the country, or the few hundred traitors who would destroy it?" (Hear.)

The Chairman said he did not think Englishmen had gone into the question on its merits. They looked upon the fact that there existed a bitter feeling between the North and the South; they looked upon the quarrel rather as that of an ill-assorted couple who were not living comfortably together, and, as they were not living comfortably together, they had better part. That was the feeling with which the question was regarded by Englishmen. They knew that there were many grave reasons why America should have continued to be united, and they would wish it to have remain so; but they did not look upon the question of secession on its merits, but rather regarded it as a family quarrel, which could be best settled by those immediately concerned. (Applause.) He hardly knew how to put the question proposed by Mr. Train to the meeting.

Some objections being made to putting the question at all.

Mr. Train said he wished to know the feeling of the meeting — whether their sympathies were for the Unionists or for the Secessionists, freedom or anarchy. (Hear and applause.) They had humored him by meeting there to-night, and he had humored them—(cheers)—by accepting the invitation. (Applause and laughter.) He had seen a vote at Birkenhead in Dr. Blackman's church, which was in favor of the rebels, and he did not intend to leave the platform until they had expressed an opinion. (Loud applause.)

The Chairman said he thought they all wished that the Americans should have what would best serve them. The question now in dispute was one that the Americans could best deal with by themselves, without foreign interference.

Mr. Train, nothing daunted by the Chairman's remarks, put his question in this way:—"Would you prefer the United States as a whole or in parts?"

The Chairman: As a whole, of course.

The question was put to the meeting, which expressed approval of the resolution by a unanimous show of hands and loud and prolonged applause.

THE AMERICAN PIRATE.

[*From the London American of November* 27, 1861.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON AMERICAN."

November 26, 1861.

SIR.—What is the meaning of belligerent rights? Is it to legalize piracy? How long will England allow a pirate to lay alongside her quay? If neutrality can be stretched so far, where is it to end?

Several American ships with British cargoes, are bound outward to India and Australia. What prevents their being burnt, if England permits the Nashville to go to sea? Has not Lloyd already raised the rate of insurance?

The Nashville herself belongs, or did belong, I understand, to a New York firm. Have not their agents here a right to seize her?

Some of the New York packets are owned in part in England. May not Pegram have destroyed British property in this case? What analogy can the *Times* see between the James Adger, United States man-of-war, the property of a friendly power, calling at Southampton, and this pirate? Pegram took the oath of allegiance as officer of the United States Navy, and is, therefore, not only a *rebel*, but a DESERTER!

His so-called commission from Davis does not establish the character of the vessel as a legal man-of-war according to the law of nations, even if it established his own position, which it does not—she is therefore an illegally-armed privateer or pirate.

He evades the blockade, which is a crime against the law of nation.

He professes to have come over to bring an envoy on a mission. An envoy cannot be received by a friendly nation at peace with the Government from which he has rebelled.

But admitting that he could, he has no authority as an armed policeman on the seas.

The vessel captured and burnt had no cargo on board, but was an inoffensive merchantman on a legitimate voyage, and there was no proof that she was not in part really owned at the South.

It is not customary to maliciously destroy where no direct benefit arises to the capturer.

Pegram refuses to allow the crew to take all their effects, but gives only an hour and a half before firing her. Before so doing he takes, or his crew or officers take for him, certain property from the burnt ship; among other things a chronometer and a barometer, which is the property of the ship, and is now in his possession. The Queen's proclamation forbids prizes to be brought into the Kingdom by either North or South. The chronometer is as much a prize as the whole ship would have been—therefore the Nashville is liable to seizure by the Queen.

Be the recognition of belligerents what it may, the Queen as yet only recognizes the legal Government of the United States—therefore she *must* side with her, or it is an act of hostility to harbor a vessel manned by rebels and DESERTERS, the more so after she has committed an act of piracy almost, if not ACTUALLY IN BRITISH WATERS—long. 9.50 West, and 49.6 North is within 100 or 200 miles of England, and therefore the Harvey Birch may be assumed to have been literally in BRITISH SEAS though not British WATERS.

Even if a vessel find anything on the high seas or save any property from a wreck, is there not an Admiralty law called "Flotsam

et jetsam," which obliges the master of a vessel who makes the finding to report the fact to the Customs, and deliver over the property? Has the Nashville been entered at the Custom-house?

Let England issue a warrant for arrest and seizure, and by one stroke of the Judge's pen heal a year of irritation. America seeks England's friendship, not her enmity. It is useless to look over musty laws * * * * * * * prompt action now is worth a volume of history.

Your obedient servant,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

P. S.—Why is it that the *Observer* usually has news of Federal reverses, when as to-day it turns out quite the reverse?

MR. TRAIN AT ALDERSHOT ON "THE AMERICAN CRISIS."

[*From the London American of December* 11, 1861.]

Mr. Train lectured on Friday evening, December 6, 1861, at the New Assembly Rooms, for the benefit of the Aldershot Institution for Mental Improvement and Social Recreation, of which the commander of the camp, Gen. Pennefather, is the Patron. The subject, was his travels over the world; concluding with a sketch of the American war, and England's course thereon.

Mr. Train having spoken an hour, describing his extraordinary adventures in all lands, proving amid the applause and laughter of the audience, that the Chinese, as a people, were "much better educated—much more industrious—and much more honest than the English." Giving a graphic description of England's power and greatness in the East—now censuring it—now praising it—in each instance with a friendly spirit—whirled his delighted audience from country to country—finding some enterprising Englishman always before him—whose assumption of the best rooms in the hotel—the best beefsteak on the table—the best berth in the steamer—and an entire railway carriage to himself—(loud laughter)—was too honest to be censured—too sublime for ridicule. The audience seemed convulsed with laughter when he spoke of the bashful timidity of his own countrymen (the Americans) as compared with the magnificent boasting of the English race. Having thoroughly won the good will of his audience, Mr. Train delicately introduced the question of the evening—America. More than an hour, Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, I have spoken for your amusement, will you now give me a little while for my own? (Yes, and hear.) First let me say, that I am no enemy in your camp to-night (hear), for I I bear you a flag of truce, and tell you in the name of our people, that we want no war. (Cheers.) We are too busy with our own affairs to think of yours—much more to goad you on to bloodshed. (Hear.) America has heard of the man who earned a comfortable livelihood solely by minding his own business. (Laughter.) Your good nature, I am sure, will tempt you into my having some latitude in what I may say. I I am the defendant, you the jury, and you, Mr. Chairman, shall be the Daniel come to judgment. (Laughter.) I am but one among many. I have no friends outside. You are in your own camp, and have five hundred papers advocating your side. Therefore it is for you to say whether you will allow a hearing to the defendant. (Hear, and yes.) All I ask, is not to interrupt me when I get my steam up, until you get your money's worth. (Laughter.) To commence, let me say that I am delighted at Wilkes having captured the pirate envoys—(oh!)—delighted, because I can now make Englishmen understand what we are fighting for. We never thought of your flag, never intended to outrage your laws—(cheers)—in fact, we never thought at all of you in the affair. Our government had nothing to do with the arrest. Wilkes acted on his own responsibility. But I say I am very glad of it, because if England will lash her people into war over an alleged insult like this, for her flag, what reason has she to suppose that America will remain silent when traitors fire upon our standard, and drag the emblem of our nation beneath their prisoner's feet. My childhood's associations are as dear to me as yours are to you. The family ties that bind Americans together, are as sacred as those which belong to Englishmen. My relations are as dear to me as yours may be to you, and I love my flag and my country as dearly as you can love yours. (Cheers.) I love America better than I like England, I love my people better than I love your people, and should I tell you to the contrary, you would know that either I did not speak the truth, or else I was a traitor to the land that gave me birth. (Hear.) England is aroused into fury, for she is proud

and sensitive as the ocean. But let us calmly argue the point. First, the Captain of the Trent outraged the proclamation of the Queen by taking the pirate envoys as passengers. Second, he laid himself open to having the ship seized, by his course of proceedings. England says that Wilkes had no right to constitute himself an Admiralty Judge upon the seas. (Hear.) Pray where is it written that Lieutenant Williams, the mail agent, who became so presumptuous in the matter, pronouncing it an outrage against international law, was appointed an Admiralty Judge? Why should he be better posted than the older explorer, Wilkes? England decides that he could have legally taken the Trent to New York, but had no right to take out the envoys, or, as General Scott has clearly put it, the greater crime would have been the lesser. This is the first time I ever saw Napoleon's remark verified, that a blunder was worse than a crime. There are several ways of settling the matter without war. (Applause.) I wish our government had tried the traitors, convicted them for high treason, and sentenced them to be gibbeted, and then, in its strength, generosity and clemency, banished them forever from the country they betrayed. Had this been done before Earl Russell's dispatch, all would have been in order, and your beloved Ambassadors would shortly be your guests again with the brand of treason on their passports. England says it would have been in order had the Trent been taken to New York. Why then not send her over, keep back the specie, the passengers, and the mails—simply send the ship there—or if not the affidavits, and let it go through the Prize Court. I will guarantee that Slidell and Mason shall have a fair chance. Another way—remembering how well Lord Ashburton and citizen Daniel Webster settled matters on a former occasion. Why not let Milner Gibson, or Gladstone, or Lord Stanley, or Cobden talk the matter over with Edward Everett, Thurlow Weed, or Brancroft, or Seward, or some properly chosen referee. (Hear, hear.)

Again, let us see what the meaning of international is. From what I observe, the word seems to mean England alone; but on examination it may turn out that it means more than one, or several nations. (Hear, hear.) If so, then England has no right to settle it, nor America—why, then, not allow Russia, Prussia, and France to put the matter straight, and give them one per cent. on the estimated cost of the war towards wiping off their annual deficits? That is is—settle it by contract. (Laughter and applause.) Suppose Mr. Seward, as he most likely will do, condescends to argue the point—has he not a right? Suppose he takes out of his pigeon-hole—he always has these things handy—some chapter, some section, some page, a long suit of references. For instance in 1812 the right of search was then discussed, and don't be surprised when I remind you that Lord Palmerston was then Secretary of war, or let me start with that disputed case of the Congressional President H. Laurens, ambassador to Holland, forcibly taken out of the Mercury by the British ship Vestal, carried to England, tried, convicted of high treason, and sent to the Tower to await the malefactor's doom. That was in 1780, and this was the man afterwards exchanged for Lord Cornwallis, whose remembrance we continue to celebrate on the 19th of October. Take another question, say nothing of the kindred cases in the Foreign-office. The Leopard taking the man out of the Chesapeake, and the Leander's experiences, but take the American ship Hercules in the Levant (1810) putting into a Sardinian port with the brother of the Emperor ill on board. The moment the captain of the British man-of-war heard the name of Bonaparte, he boarded the ship with drawn cutlasses, and forcibly seized Lucien Bonaparte, and carried him a prisoner to England. I believe the American had no mail agent on board, and that Bonaparte had no daughter to throw herself in the door-way, and slap the face of the British officer, which may prevent this case from being exactly analogous. (Laughter.) Take another epoch. The Caroline—Lord Palmerston was Premier then, also—was said to be assisting the Canadian rebels in the Niagara river (of course, the Bermuda, Fingal, and Gladiator, got off their arms as a matter of course, England being neutral.) Colonel M'Nab, with his armed men, boarded her in the night-time on the American shore, killed Amos Durpee, set the ship on fire, and let her drift over the Falls. England said it was all right, and the gallant colonel was knighted. Stand forth Sir Allan M'Nab! He was the Wilkes of that day, and last week was the guest of the Queen. Later still, did not your officers board the N. B. Chase and take the Irish patriot, whose funeral was celebrated by some fifty thousand of his countrymen the other day in Dublin, forcibly from under the American flag, and bear him away to England? All these cases I find in the law-books, chapter on chapter, page on page. You say they are not analogous—what of that? There are certain rules laid down, and I have consulted all those rusty old lawyers who have been so long dried up. The senior partner of that distinguished law firm—Grotius, says it is all right.—Puffendorf, says it is all right. Hurrah for Puffendorf. (Laughter.) Lord Stowell says it is all right.—So does Chitty and Parson in the law of nations.—Hurrah for Parson—(hear and laughter)—and all the junior members of the firm say it was all right.—

Wheaton and Kent, and Pratt in his work on Contraband.—So does Phillimore and old Vattel.—Hurrah for Vattel. (Laughter.) They all say that Wilkes is in order—and I propose as the last way of avoiding a conflict: let the Lord Chancelor sum up the evidence—and if England will say that all similar acts were illegal on her part, then America may fairly see that this act of Wilkes was equally so. Why has England the right of monopoly in all these good things? England is always a Christian—America a Heathen.—England is the law, America the prophet.—You speak of our getting up a national debt. Pray tell me what right has England to monopolize all the national debt of the world? (Laughter and "Hear, hear.") Why is she the only nation allowed to put great burdens on her unrepresented millions? You say England has seen the evil of them. America wants to see it, too. (Hear.) England has sown her wild oats on the battle-field: America is emulous of similar amusement. How singular that the Queen's proclamation should come out just after the Southern cargoes of arms and powder had sailed! Why is it that the Confederate flag is allowed to plant its traitorous folds over the Strand; while the Stars and Stripes in Fleet street over "The London American" are ordered down by the chief of police? Is it the way England has of showing her neutrality? Are you aware that the pirate Nashville is now in your graving-dock at Southampton? You have kindly let me state my case, and if you are willing to allow America any of the rights that England assumes, you will, I am sure, give me a verdict for peace. (Cheers.)

But what mean these bitter leaders of your journals?—such animus seldom is seen in the English press. Do you believe it all? (No.) You cannot, for those I meet are not anxious for war. The papers would lead you to suppose that the moment England said war, America was a dead man. (Laughter.) As you have heard your side, should you like to hear mine? (Yes.) Will you let me talk it right out, just as I feel? (Yes.) Well, then, I think that war with America is the worst thing that could happen to your empire. America can shut your nation's gate and live; close England's door, and she must starve. (No.) You are in no position to go to war. England is not a military nation. (Oh!) You have always fought with hired soldiers—Hessians in America, Swiss and Germans in the Crimea. To-day you have not forty thousand men in your empire, and what are forty thousand soldiers, fighting for a shilling a-day, against our two millions who fight for the glory of the land? You are in no position for war—never so weak as now, and America never so strong. ("Oh," and laughter.) Here are some obstinate truths. It looks as though England was short of corn, this year. Is that so?—(yes)—and Ireland is short of potatoes. (Yes.) Then you have elements of famine in the land. Famine means the importation of one hundred and fifty million bushels of grain! Where can you get it? From France? No. She is short, and the Faubourg St. Antoine will take care that Napoleon don't get the taint of secession. Egypt is short this year, and the Baltic and Black Sea will ask high prices. War with America means starvation prices for bread in England—(hear)—when millions of men are thrown out of employment. Never before did famine in corn and famine in cotton occur the same year. England, then, cannot go to war this year. Then look at Canada. Not a gun, a fort or defence on a thousand miles of frontier! What protects the Canadian towns? Can you depend upon the Orangemen of Toronto? The French Canadians of Montreal? And are you sure you have not some belligerents nearer home than the Carolina shore? Do you not think that workmen crying for bread may make good materials for belligerents? And for your sake look at Ireland before the war commences! Is not the O'Donoghue a belligerent? And Sullivan, of the *Nation?* War with America means fighting with your blood relations. (Hear, hear.) What other people sends you over a million a year in small bills of exchange to your emigrants? Depend not too much upon your navy. Navies are deceptive. No worse investment can be found. There is no bar in America that will take the Warrior. Twenty-seven feet is too deep. America has five thousand fishing smacks, coasting packets, brigs, barks, and ships that don't pay just now in regular trade. They are ready for action, not as pirates nor privateers, but with regular commissions from the United States' navy. These vessels will not hug the coast to meet your Agamemnons and Warriors, but start for Australia, and India, and China, and take your merchant shipping prizes into a thousand eastern ports. What can you do? If it has taken twenty men-of-war to find the Sumter, and Nashville, how many ships will it take to catch five thousand privateers? War with America means the destruction of British commerce. ("Oh.") It means more—civil war in this happy land. ("No.") Revolutions are contagious. Revolution in New Zealand, revolution in China, revolution in Hungary, in Poland, in Italy, revolution in Russia, revolution in America; and, pray, why do you except England? War with America is not like war with European powers. It means the destruction of twenty-five millions of Americans, or victory. I would rather you would express no signs of appreciation or disapprobation until I have painted my

picture. (Hear.) Your papers are guilty of goading you on to all the horrors of a brutal war, and lead you to suppose that America is your bitterest enemy, instead of your truest friend. Perhaps I can bring the frontier closer home by drawing another picture. I will in a few words state who is your friend—who your enemy. Well, then, *France is your natural friend*—America your natural enemy! Of course the Americans know that your great army of Volunteers (cheers) is got up against them—not your old friend France. (Laughter.) Your enormous Army and Navy they know is not against their true friend France, but against their natural enemy, America! Let me show you the force of my argument in another way. During seven hundred years have you not always been friends? (Laughter.) Have you not a common literature, a common law, and do you not speak the same language? What better proof can you have that France is your best friend than by talking with the officers of the French navy, who worship England for the burning recollections of Trafalgar. (Cheers.) The army, too, love you as a brother, for the sterling lessons you taught them at Waterloo. (Laughter and applause.) The merchants like you for having rivaled them everywhere in trade. And the priesthood almost adore you for having done so much for their religion, and showered so often blessings on the head of their Pope. (Applause and laughter.) Have I not proved that France must naturally be your friend? If not, then I have another argument, stronger yet. The people, they must naturally admire, revere, and respect the nation that took their royal guest out of the Bellerophon, and sent him to die, Pannhassus-like, on a sterile rock in the Southern Ocean! (Hear.) Oh, yes! France is your friend. Read the *Debats*, the *Moniteur*, *La Presse*, and the *Constitutionel*. Don't you see how friendly they are? How different from the hostile comments of your natural enemy, America. A nation that takes twenty-three millions of your manufactured goods, and gives you forty-four millions of your raw material, must naturally be your enemy. Are we not always insulting you? Read your papers—what an outrage that was fourteen years ago—how insulting to sell Erin, pale with want, large cargoes of food *for nothing*. (Loud applause) Admitted gross insult was offered by our burning down the City Hall to honor your officers in New York at the time of the Atlantic Cable. (Cheers.) And more yet, that outrage of sending out the Arctic wanderer as a token of our desire to insult your Queen. (Cheers.) But if I have failed to show that America is your natural enemy, observe how we outraged all rules of etiquette in the royal welcome we gave the son of the noblest lady that ever sat upon the throne of a mighty people. (Loud cheers.) That insult should never be forgotten. (Hear, hear.) This change of positions of France and America may show you how uncalled for is this uprising of your people—civilization is barbarism when its result is anarchy. Americans want to come out to your Exhibition, next year. (Cheers.) How can they, in the midst of war? Then you will want to turn it into an exhibition of improved fire-arms. Americans do not think England would be guilty of so bad and dastardly an act as to strike a nation when it is down. (Hear, hear.) If she agitates on this issue, rest assured no apology would suffice. It looks to me merely as a ruse to get arms into Canada, to be prepared for European complications, and to take the advantage of leading the passions of a strong people in order to keep up a weak ministry—but there will be no war. (Applause.) My instincts sometimes are prophetic: there will be no war: just thirty years ago placards were posted all over the Kingdom with these words: STOP THE DUKE, RUN FOR GOLD! The remedy was powerful—the cure perfect—in fifty-eight hours the Duke was out of office—and the home guards did not shoot down the people. (Hear.) Let us respect the dignity of our respective lands—respect each others' pride, and do anything but dishonor each other, rather than go to war. (Cheers.) If America is in the wrong she is manly enough to make it right. (Hear.) If England finds herself in error—she is too proud to do so mean a thing as to strike a nation she thinks is paralyzed by domestic discord. Hurrah for America! Hurrah, then, for England. (Loud cheering.) Mr. Train was frequently cheered, and spoke for two hours and a-half to an audience who expressed a desire, through their Chairman, to hear him again.

MR. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S LECTURE AT TUNSTALL-ON-TRENT, ON "THE AMERICAN WAR."

[*From the London American of December* 18, 1861.]

So many misrepresentations and inaccuracies have appeared in the metropolitan and provincial press regarding this lecture, we have taken some trouble to get a fair report. It will be seen that there were but two or three in the large audience who had come there from a distance that created all the disturbances.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 10, 1861, says the *Staffordshire Sentinel*, Mr. G. F. Train lectured in the Townhall, Tunstall, on behalf of the Tunstall Athenæum and Reading-room. The subject of the lecture, as announced in the bills, was, "The American Question, with variations." The hall was well filled, nearly every one present being males. The Chief Bailiff of Tunstall (Thomas Peake, Esq.), presided, and, in opening the proceedings,

The Chairman said their object in meeting together was, first, to promote the advantages of the Tunstall Athenæum and Reading-room; and, secondly, to hear a gentleman who had addressed many assemblies in different parts of the country with complete success, ministering to their gratification, and in no case intrenching upon the rules which guided those who delivered orations or addresses, or lectures, or whatever they might be called. It had been reported to him that a few individuals had been brought there that evening for the purpose of interruption. He did not believe it; he would not believe it; was not capable of believing that of the people of Tunstall. He had known Tunstall a great part of the present century. He knew it before many of those present were in existence. It might be that their views might not correspond with those of Mr. Train, but they must recollect that the object of the meeting was to benefit a public institution, for which Mr. Train had come 150 miles to serve them. (Applause.)

Mr. Train was cordially received by the major portion of the audience, but, before he could begin to speak, he was greeted with the expression, proceeding from the body of the hall, "We hope you will speak the truth."

The Chairman said he would not allow any interruption.

The person who had previously spoken, however, inquired, would Mr. Train endorse the statements contained in his letter to the *New York Herald?* (Confusion.)

The Chairman: I must have silence, or I will leave the chair. (Applause and confusion.)

The disputant persisted, and this time said, Mr. Train had called the volunteers a set of fools, and as a volunteer he could not submit to that. (Renewed confusion.)

Mr. Train said as the volunteers had been mentioned, he would recite a poem in praise of them by Eliza Cook, one of their own poetesses.

Mr. Train then said that he had been invited to meet an intelligent audience of ladies and gentlemen, but he should think they had brought him into a poultry yard—(laughter)—but before he proceeded with his discourse, he thought it well for himself and the audience to understand a little better their respective positions. (Hear.) One would suppose that he was paid to come there. On the contrary, he came in order to add something to the Athenæum fund. (Hear) At Hanley he was invited to lecture for the benefit of the Ragged School. He went. At Langton, for the funds of the Church. He obeyed that call. At Birmingham in aid of the St. George's Society of Instruction. He went there also. At Aldershot for the Institution of Mental Improvement and Social Recreation—again he said yes; and when your Honorable Committee waited upon him with the polite request to speak in aid of your Society, he did not refuse (cheers); but be assured he will speak to no audience unless he can command respect. (Hear.) The hall is filled, the Athenæum has added to its treasury—the object for which his name was advertised has been accomplished—therefore, it was for you to say whether he speaks or not. (Yes, and applause.) He had no objection to those little interruptions, because they gave a variety to the proceedings. He presumed it was in accordance with the bill—he was to speak on the American war, and the audience was doing the variations. (Loud laughter.) He was not a brave man, and he believed if he were shot in battle it would be in the back. (Laughter.) He then recited the poem to which he had previously referred, in praise of the volunteers, and said he cheerfully endorsed every sentiment it contained. (Cheers.) He did not want those countries to go to war. (Applause.) Their commercial interest in each other was too great to allow them to go to war. Two countries that were bound together by

£100,000,000 sterling a year should be made to keep the peace. (Applause.) Allusion had been made to a letter he had written. He had written a letter, but there was nothing in it that was hostile to England. (Disapprobation.) He had been long in this country, and had been accustomed to speak his mind. No man or body of men had ever yet been able to muzzle him—(laughter)—and if they succeeded they are more clever than those who failed! (Hear.) They called him a spy. He pleaded guilty, and would write, talk, act, as he pleased, when he pleased, and where he pleased! (Hear.) When there are so many milk and water Americans in Europe—half and half men who don't know exactly which side they are on, but go howling about deprecating the war—hoping for peace—depreciating the exertions of the cabinet, and favoring the action of the traitors, when these neutral patriots (!) are abroad—a little energetic action was worth a volume of talk. (Hear.) He would rather drop war, and speak of China, or Australia, or on any other subject they like to suggest. He would lecture on anything from theology to infidelity at two minutes notice. (Oh.) He was not there to express their opinions, he came to express his own. They had their press and their members of parliament to express their views of things. Then, it was for them to say whether they would permit one from the other side of the water to express his views. (Hear, hear.) He had a right to express his views, but if they did not like to have them, let them say so. ("Yes," and applause.) He had no hostility to England. Four years ago, when Dr. Mackay visited America, he (Mr. Train) introduced him to several of the leading men of the country, got up a banquet at Washington to welcome him, and suggested that he should write an international poem that should bind the two countries—England and America—together. Shields was there and Quitman of Mississippi, and Boyce of Carolina was sitting side by side with Seward of New York, for then there was no confusion in the council. (Hear.) Dr. Mackay wrote a poem called "John and Jonathan," which Mr. Train recited. That poem was recited at the banquet at Washington four years ago, and the oftener they recited it, the better for both countries. (Applause.) He spoke as a Northerner, and he endorsed all the sentiments of that poem. Perhaps England is right in showing such animosity to America. Perhaps right in joining the South against the North, in encouraging rebellion against government. (No.) Time will show who are friends, who enemies. How often had he heard at English tables long and loud cheers when the President of the United States was the toast. (Hear.) Have these happy days past? (No.) How often have we seen an American audience rise as one man—in Australia, in America, in England—and deafen the ear with shouts and cheers, when the chairman mentioned the name of the fair Victoria, the happy Queen of England—(loud cheers)—are these pleasant memories, all gone by, never to be recalled again? (No.) God forbid. There must be no war between these two countries. (Cheers.) If such a war were to take place in this civilized age, they had better send to the Emperor of China and ask him to send missionaries to civilize England and America. If America had done wrong, she would apologize; but if she had not, neither England nor any other nation could make her apologize. ("Question," and expressions of disapprobation.) Did the international laws apply solely to England, or to all nations alike? The law officers said that Captain Wilkes had no right to take the men out of the Trent, but he might have taken the ship to New York. If he had taken them contrary to international law, he (Mr. Train) would warrant they would be given up. Mr. Train pointed to the capture of Lucien Bonaparte and of the Irish rebel McManus, who he said were forcibly taken out of neutral ships, and argued that Captain Wilkes had only done what England had been doing during the last fifty years. If England could do this, how was it America could not capture, under similar circumstances, men who were in rebellion against her? Suppose that two Irish members of Parliament, The O'Donoghue and The O'Brien, had plotted against the Government, escaped to Holland, embarked in an American ship for New York, would an English man-of-war hesitate about their capture? (Hear.) Who were the two men about whom they talked of going to war? Mr. Mason was the author of the fugitive slave law, and Mr. Slidell had been for a quarter of a century making hostile speeches against this country. Did they think the Americans, when they boarded the Trent, and took these rebels prisoners, wanted to insult the English flag? They never thought of the English flag. They were after the vile scamps that had dragged the emblem of their own fair land in the mire. The captain of the Trent had no business in the face of the proclamation of neutrality to take those men on board his ship, and ought to be discharged. (No, and disapprobation.) Has England forgotten that she has some of her black subjects in the prisons of New Orleans? England forgotten the South Carolinian law of 1835, taking negroes (British subjects) out of British ships and selling them, in case the master did not pay the fine? Again, in 1848, no *Habeas Corpus* allowed; 1851, thirty-seven British subjects were imprisoned. In 1852, forty-two! (Shame.) Here is an outrage on England's flag worthy of action. (Hear.)

Turning to the Chairman, Mr. Train asked

what proportion of our exports go to America?

Chairman.—Two-thirds.

Yes, said Mr. Train, two-third of their exports went to America, and how then could they rise up to fan this nation in a war flame—how could they knock down a man they were making money out of? To say the least, men whose bread and meat and clothing came from their prolific trade with the United States ought to be ashamed of themselves. (Laughter and cheers, overpowering a few hisses.) How could they deal with this case before they had heard how the Cabinet at Washington had decided? How did they know that the prisoners would not be given up? But he would tell them what he would have done with them (the prisoners). He would have tried them in the prize court at New York, he would have convicted them of high treason, and sentenced them to be hanged. (Hisses.) Yes, to be hanged, and then put them on board a Cunard steamer, and presented them to the nation they had vilified for a quarter of a century. (Hear.) Some years ago he saw on the gates of Canton and Shanghai the heads of several rebels in different stages of decay, hanging high in air in cages, as a warning to traitors. But America needs no such example. Let the parricides be banished from the land, where they can corrupt no more American blood. Let them be exiled where the finger of scorn will point to them in every house and street and city —so that house and street and city shall become known to the passing traveler as the place where the convicts Mason and Slidell resided when a generous government allowed them to escape the gallows. (Cheers and hisses,) (Not noticing the interruption, Mr. Train, by entertaining anecdotes, controled the attention of his audience.) "Guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge. "How can I say until I hear the evidence," replied the Irish prisoner at the bar—(laughter)—"and then agin, what are you placed there for but to find out by your larning?" (Laughter.) Let us have the evidence that Wilkes has broken the law. The future historian will find material for volumes in the press. Mark well how the disease spread. The first day the *Times* said all right; the second, all wrong; the third brought a cry for vengeance—cold, fever, and then delirium! Positive, boil; comparative, boiler; superlative, burst. (Laughter.) England's cause, therefore, is like the Irish committee, who

Resolved—That we do have a new jail;

Resolved—That the new jail stand where the old jail now is;

Resolved—That the old jail be not removed till the new jail is built. (Loud laughter.)

Outrage on the British Flag. Gross Insult to the British Nation. — These words repeated one hundred millions of times during the past week have lashed the nation into military madness. If, then, in England's love for the Cross of St. George she finds cause to involve this noble country in the brutal horrors of war for an alleged insult, how can she defame the Americans for plunging the sword deep into the heart of the assassin, who in the darkness of the night crept through the path of friendship, of emolument, and of honor, outraging all family ties, public obligations, sacred oaths, and domestic privacy, in order to be more sure of the traitors' blow with a weapon gangrened with time and steeped in falsehood's poison, which the pirate envoys aimed at the life of a nation, wherein God for some all wise reason has planted the Tree of Liberty. (Applause.) Let us refer the dispute, and pay a small commission to the Government brokers to arrange it. (Laughter.) England is not the nation to arbitrate alone. Who thinks of putting Reynard on the jury in a poultry trial? (Laughter.) If each would sweep before his own door, we should have a clean street. Saith the proverb,—"The hatred of an enemy is bad enough, but no earthly poison equals in its intensity the hatred of a friend." We must change all this! The world is improving—barbarism is disappearing—cannibalism is going out—mastodons are of the past—ravenous animals are growing scarce—poisonous weeds and roots are difficult to be found—the devil himself has been deposed. (Laughter.) Surely, then, the time has arrived to do away with the atrocities of war! (Cheers.) War, writes Channing, is a great moral evil. The field of battle is a theatre got up at immense cost for the exhibition of crime on a grand scale. Brother hews down brother—the countenance flashes rage, and thousands are sent unprepared, in the awful moment of crime, to meet their maker! (Hear, hear.) I told them at Aldershot that no outrage was contemplated—no insult intended—that America was too busy with enemies at home to needlessly estrange her friends abroad. She would rather

> Join the stars and stripes and cross
> In one fraternal band,
> Till Anglo-Saxon faith and laws
> Illumine every land!

(Cheers.) The idea of taking the rebel envoys out of a British ship never entered the head of American statesmen. They have too much to do at Washington to seek ombroilment with England. The James Adger was sent for the Nashville. The envoys left Charleston *en route* for England *via* Havana. The British Consul in full uniform introduced them to the Governor-General of Cuba! The Trent committed the outrage on the Queen's proclamation as well as the American flag, by taking such rebel material on board. Her jurists have often put on

paper the law—no quibble can change it—no argument weakens it. I have looked over the books and consulted the records, and find authority on authority. The United States did not sign the Paris Congress 16th April, 1856; hence preserved right to seize goods in neutrals. If goods, why not dispatches? Military men are contraband, why not those who make them? Slidell and Mason were worth a dozen brigadier-generals. (Hear.) England might have the right of asylum, but if it went to war, it would be a lunatic asylum. What did they want America to do? Did they want to say to her, holding a revolver at her head, "Give up those men?" (A voice: "No; we don't want our mails stopped.") Mr. Train: Quite right. We don't stop them; we never stopped your males or your females either. (Roars of laughter.) He continued: America wished to do all she could to cement the good feeling between the two countries. Were they (the Americans) so lost to all principles of humanity that they should lie idle, and see their flag trailed in the dust from month to month? Would England do as much? Mr. Train proceeded to say that the present American question was not a question of slavery, and charged England with inconsistency in being the chief supporter of American slavery, after making a great sacrifice to abolish slavery in her own colonies. He was more than once interrupted, and in reply to the observation from a person in the body of the hall, "Our flag must be respected," he replied, "Certainly, it should be respected." The voice: "You don't do it." (Applause and confusion.)

The Chairman rose to order. Addressing the offender, he said, "If you would respect the flag, you should allow him to speak his mind."

The Offender: "I will not sit here and allow an American to abuse our English flag." (Cheers and disapprobation.)

Mr. Train (intensely excited): I am your guest to-night. If you do not want to hear me, I will go. I am not paid to come here. (Turning to his opponent): I will not be insulted by you or anybody else. (Cheers and renewed confusion.) You are a brave people—a thousand of you against one—and yet you are afraid to hear me. ("No," and cheers.) The valiant volunteer, from his bravery in trying to excite the audience against me, when he knows that I am unprotected here, and he surrounded by his own countrymen—I say from this spasmodic display of buncombe courage, I am confident would have been the first out from Bull Run—(loud cheers and laughter)—would have even made better time than that pensioned libeler Russell—(hisses)—who, it seems, can slander our officers, our government, and our country week after week in the London *Times*—("hear," and "no")—and yet an American is not allowed to speak. ("Yes," and "go on.") Yonder volunteer reminds me of the revolutionary anecdote of the militia captain, who told his company to stand their ground like men until the English came within gunshot, and then to start and go round that are hill as fast as their legs would carry them—(laughter)—and I being a *leetle* lame, I'll go now! (Loud laughter.) From the boldness and bravery of the volunteer who interrupted me, I am sure that, not contented with being a full private in that company, his ambition would tempt him even into the high position of the prudent captain himself. (Loud laughter, and complete silence during the rest of the discourse.) Mr. Train again warmly deprecated the idea of a war between England and America, and urged his auditors to do all they could to allay the hostile feeling in this country against America. He asked them to wait patiently until the North had put down the rebellion. He said they might fancy that serving two nations would be better than serving one nation, but he would tell them the South would be but poor customers. The bulk of the products exported from this country was sold in the North. He argued that England would suffer more by a war than America, which supplied this country with bread and meat, and they should reflect upon this before they rushed into war. He admitted the strength of our navy, but the time had gone by for navies. A great navy with war about twice in a century would not pay anything like a street railway. (Laughter.) Mr. Train reverted to the Trent affair, and said he was confident that if the question was laid courteously before the authorities of Washington, England would meet with all the courtesy and attention she could wish in return, but if she put a pistol at the head of Secretary Seward and said "Give up those men," he was afraid it would raise up that spirit of which he had seen some manifestations in that assembly. He did not think England was the nation to strike America when she was in trouble—to take advantage of her internal dissensions to gratify passion and revenge. England was too great, too independent, to take advantage of the weakness of any nation. Was is not so? (Applause and confusion.) They would not strike a man when he was ill in bed, would they? He did not believe England really bore any hostility to America—(Cries of No, and cheers)—and he told them America bore no hostility to England. When any of our great men went to America, did they not receive them generously—even Mr. Edwin James? (Loud laughter.) No matter who it was, if he wanted a home, he would find one in America, which was an asylum for the exile as well as England. The papers every day talk about having put up with so many insults. What an admission!

Take insults from a man in robust health, and then when sickness may have taken away some of his strength, England jumps upon him with the fury of a tempest. (No.) England has made two serious mistakes. First, in taking in such a repudiating thief as Jeff. Davis as a junior partner—(No, and laughter)—and second, in showing such want of faith in the power of our Government, not only to settle our own matters, but to demand respect from Europe. Has England forgotten our infancy and boyhood? our infancy of 1776? our boyhood of 1812? The expedition at Port Royal was three times the size of the great British fleet of Elizabeth. There were but 176 ships, with 15,000 men, against the Armada, and all but 34 which belonged to the Crown were privateers or merchant armed vessels. England was the first to use privateers. We were well up in the business during the last war. Were you aware that the Americans captured fifty-six British men-of-war, mounting eight hundred and sixty-six guns? and two thousand four hundred and forty-five merchant-men, valued and sold for one hundred and seven millions of dollars in 1812? ("Not possible.") Who has grown the most rapidly since these times —England or America? One would suppose, when reading the loud boasts of the press, that the history of the Constitution and Guerrier, the Wasp and the Frolic, United States and Macedonian, the Hornet and the Peacock, were forgotten. If everything fails, there is one more chance yet to stop this unholy, unjust, unheard-of enmity against a kindred people. There is a lady in the land that blesses all within her voice—the adoration of the people, who never before found one so pure in heart, so clear in head, so noble in person, so accomplished and so fair, as the beautiful Queen of these happy islands. (Loud cheers.) In the name of the President of the United States let me say that the American people will willingly leave the whole matter in her hands, believing that in her judgment and nobleness she will find some plan by which the Saxon pride of both lands can be appeased without shedding a drop of blood.

Mr. Train sat down amid the greeting of loud cheers, having entirely won, during the two hours' lecture, the good nature of his audience.

Mr. J. N. Peake proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Train. He had come there out of goodwill to them, to benefit one of the public institutions of the town, and the least they could do was to thank him for his kindness. If he had said some things with which they did not agree it must be remembered he spoke from the American side of the question, and they could not expect him to speak from the English side. There was no necessity for interruption. If there had been any feeling it should have been smothered for the sake of giving the lecturer that courteous reception which, as a stranger, he was especially entitled to. (Applause.)

The Chairman indulged in the hope that with the end of the year would end the present irritation and ill-feeling in this country with respect to America, and that the new year would usher in a well-grounded, lasting, and abiding peace between the two countries. He asked them not to be premature in judging the issue of the present misunderstanding, and not to condemn America on an *ex parte* statement, but wait until they know both sides of the question before they decided upon it. Alluding to Mr. Train, whom he called "this illustrious stranger," the chairman said he did not believe what two or three partizan newspapers had said about him. Englishmen appreciated pluck, and under the circumstances he thought that Mr. Train had proved himself a bold man to beard the lion in his den. (Hear and applause.)

Mr. Emberton seconded the motion. He said he would not give place to any gentleman in that room for loyalty to his country, and he did not wonder that Mr. Train should have strong sympathies towards his own country. (Applause.) It would be unnatural if he had not. If he (Mr. Emberton) were in America at the present time and were called upon to address a public meeting, and asked to speak upon the subject now agitating the two countries, he should consider he had a perfect right to speak his own views, and was entitled to the fair attention of those whom he addressed, but he doubted whether he should have had the courage to do what Mr. Train had done tonight. As one of the Committee he had been in a fever all day at the rumor of breaking up the meeting, and he was rejoiced that all had gone off happily. (Applause.)

The audience immediately rose, and on resuming their seats indulged in the usual mode of expressing their thanks by loud applause.

Mr. Train, in responding, complimented the audience on their good behavior, and said he should like to meet them again. He said the newspapers had been talking about him for two years, and they would no doubt talk about him a good deal more before he died. (Hear.) The *Times*, however, had ignored his existence entirely—they don't even condescend to abuse him. (Laughter.) That they would admit was the unkindest cut of all. Their chairman alluded to the attack on him when lecturing at Birmingham, he gave the record of the titles given him in gratitude for having introduced a carriage for the people—(cheers)—among which were—"Adventurer!" "Lunatic!" "Humbug!" "Speculator!" "Bankrupt!" and "Conspirator!" (Laughter.) Why, then, should he be surprised at seeing this

morning a scurrilous leader in a London journal calling him an Informer and a Spy? The article was no doubt written by some Pariah of the Press so low in the scale of letters as not to have been invited to meet the distinguished men who have graced his banquets—some Bohemian writer who no doubt, having Dick Swivellered every newspaper office in London, as a last resort, makes one of the ill-used staff who take the chances of getting a portion of their wages every Saturday night. Changing its proprietorship as often as the miserable paper on which it is printed—reduced so low as to disgust its 1,317 readers by introducing a halfpenny novel illustrative of the editor's fortunes, the present abject appearance of the "Morning Chronicle" marks more forcibly the contrast with its former fame. Peace to its ashes! (Laughter.)

[*From the London American of December* 18, 1861.]

IMPROMPTU,

ON WITNESSING THE DIGNITY AND CALMNESS OF ENGLAND ON THE IMAGINED OUTRAGE TO HER FLAG.

BY AN AMERICAN SPY.

Thursday—An outrage! cried the belligerent throng.
Friday—Said the Press and the Law Lords —all right!
Saturday—Said the Cabinet Council—all wrong!
Sunday—Said the message, Beg pardon! or fight!
Monday—Ships, troops, and munitions of war
Are the diplomatists sent to interpret the law!

MORAL.

Nations! mark the calmness of the grandest of Powers,
As she rushes to battle in fifty-six hours!

MR. TRAIN ON THE TRENT.

[*From the London American of December* 25, 1861.]

The discussion on the alleged outrage on the Trent is as lively as ever: lawyers and editors, merchants and bankers, are always ready to take up the argument. The debate at the "Forum" on Monday night, December 23, 1861, brought out some new opinions. The question under discussion was—"*Whether England is justified in going to war on the Trent affair or not?*" We give a short report of Mr. Train's reply. He seems to have changed his mind.

Yes, Mr. Chairman, I would say to Mr. Seward, *give up the men*—war must be avoided. (Hear.) It is not for me to advise the Secretary of State, for I am not a believer in good advice. The sneers of an enemy are preferable to the counsel of a friend—but I am no enemy to the administration, hence give no counsel—but, in common with my people, am deeply interested in all questions that interest them. *Give up the men!* apology is better than war—and, for once, I believe England is right—(hear)—America wrong. My opinion, it seems, is of sufficient import to have it misrepresented. That misrepresentation I desire to correct. "Young men should be seen and not heard," says the proverb: but the same sage wrote, "that gravity was a mysterious carriage of the body to cover up the defects of the mind." In former speeches I have touched upon the Trent, but I have since modified my views. Wise men change their minds, fools never do. (Laughter.) Not professing to be very wise, or to claim unusual stupidity, I beg to whirl on the "Trent" question. At first, patriotism overshadowed judgment, and I said, give up the men only at the point of the cannon. I now say, in any case, *give up the men!* (Cheers.) On comparing notes, all the analogies have fallen to the ground. Everett and Sumner have been handsomely floored in the Laurens case—(Yes, and Hear,)—and Bonaparte,

McManus, and the Caroline seizures are not analogous to the Trent. (Hear, hear.) The water runs through them all—Lord Stowell, Wheaton, Phillimore, Kent, Porson, Pratt, Vattel, Puffendorf—and even old Grotius, decline to give their assistance. It seems the Mason and Slidell capture is entirely original with Wilkes. International law has not provided for it. My opinion began to waver some days since; and when the author of the "Maritime Law of Nations" gave Lord Palmerston his special decision, I was convinced that the Americans had not got a leg to stand upon. (Cheers.) Let me compress his three-columned article in the *Morning Post*, finding Wilkes guilty of gross violation of international law, into a paragraph. First, Wilkes fired a shotted gun. (Hear.) Second, he illegally called the "Trent" captain on deck. Third, he illegally omitted to look at the ship's papers to test the vessel's neutrality. Fourth, he illegally boarded the "Trent" with armed men and arrested two passengers. (Hear.) Small as are the points, they directly violate the law of nations. America, in 1812, made war on account of the very act which Wilkes has committed. The flag covers everything. (Applause.) M. Hautfeuille is clear in his analysis. Between neutral nations there can be no war—hence, no belligerents, no right of search, nothing contraband. (Applause.) Denmark and Spain are at peace—Havana belongs to the one, St. Thomas the other. "The Trent belonging to another neutral, is steaming away peacefully, when the "San Jacinto," owned by still another neutral, commits the offence that has aroused the lion into a war frenzy! and no wonder! (Hear and applause.) America would have been wild under the insult. So would France. Read Webster on the Kozta affair at Smyrna to Hultzman. Here is the error committed—between neutrals there is nothing contraband. Had the Trent been loaded with Whitworth guns or Enfield rifles, or Beauregard, Davis, and a dozen of their generals, America could not break the law. (Hear.) Because there can be nothing conband between two neutrals. (Hear.) Herein is our weakness—*hence we must give up the men!* Therefore, Wilkes was wrong again; first, in supposing that there was contraband of war between nations at peace; second, even if not contraband, he could not seize Mason and Slidell, unless proved military men; third, he cannot separate cargo and passengers, but must take the offending vessel into the prize court. (Applause.) This course has been endorsed by the French Emperor and the Courts of of Europe; and if Earl Russell has stated the case as fairly as M. Hautfeuille, the Cabinet at Washington must give up the men. (Cheers.) But the President's weakest point is the non-recognition of Davis's cabal—not weak for the country's welfare, but as bearing on this case. If the seizure is made on England's law of belligerents, the foregoing facts decide that Wilkes was wrong. If, from the President's view, the case is worse instead of better—(hear)—our Cabinet admits no Confederate Government, acknowledges no war, therefore can recognize no belligerent—(applause)—yet assumes to take the envoys as belligerents, while the Cabinet only admits them to be rebels. (Hear.) Rebels can only be taken within twelve miles of the American coast; while the "Trent" was far away. (Applause.) The incoming mail will bring a clever argument from our Premier—perhaps so clever as to evade the question—but I cannot see where he will find his point. Two wrongs don't make a right—(applause)—and because England has committed highway robberies on the ocean—(laughter)—it does not follow that America should profit by that example. (Hear, and laughter.) Suppose that Archbishop Hughes and Edward Everett had been on board the Trent, and that bold pirate Pegrim had come alongside, and carried off these Union men in the "Nashville" to Charleston, would England have shown the same hostility? (Hear, and Yes.) I doubt it. If he would recklessly burn the "Harvey Birch," belonging to Secessionists, why not board the "Trent?" Do you not notice how little the Americans say about the "Nashville?" Why? Simply because Pegrim plays the pirate on his employers' property. (Laughter.) Perhaps the correspondence between Earl Russell and Mr. Adams, *re* Nashville, may contain some points bearing on the Trent; but I see no room for escape. I was sure the case of the Mexican General Parédez, passenger by the Teviot, Royal Mail steamer, from Havana to Vera Cruz, in 1847, was analogous.—Singular enough, Slidell, when Minister to Mexico, was baffled by this same Parédez, who embarked from Kavana, as Slidell did—and being taken to Mexico by the British steamer, when the United States was at war with that country, our Government demanded redress.

Bancroft, our Minister here, represented the facts, demanding the dismissal of Capt. May.—Lord Palmerston examined the case—saw the law of nations had been infringed, and gave the directors of the Royal Mail packets orders to dismiss their officers. (Cheers.) I thought this was same chap.—same sec.—same page—(laughter)—but the parallel fell the moment I saw that Parédez was a military man—while Mason and Slidell were civilians. (Applause.) Again I thought I had discovered another analogy—I was in the Chinese seas during the Russian war. The Dwina Russian frigate was wrecked by an earthquake at Simoda. The crew were thrown upon the

Japenese shore. Russell and Co., the Russian agents at Shanghai, if my memory serves me, chartered the clipper "Young America" to take the Russians off, but the English man-of-war notified the Captain that they were contraband of war, and to touch them at their peril. So the clipper returned to China. A Dutch vessel, the Greta, in which I had engaged my passage to Japan, endeavoured to accomplish what the American failed to do. Whereupon the British frigate waited off the coast, and seized the "Greta," and carried her to Shanghai, where she was condemned. Here, then, I said, is justification for Wilkes—when, lo! I discovered that Captain Fortescue, of the Baraconta, who I met at Mr. Dent's hospitable mansion, did what Captain Wilkes did not do—that is, carry the ship into port and have her loyally condemned in the Prize Court! (Applause.) Here again my analogy failed, and now I frankly admit there is no other way to preserve the dignity of our nation than *by giving up the men!* (Cheers.) While there is no analogy for Wilkes, England can point to a case that justifies the Cabinet of Washington in giving up the men.—Lord Mulgrave, of the British frigate Ardent, captured the Dutch ship Hendrica and Alica, bound from Holland to St. Eustatia, with arms and munitions, and five *military* passengers, and carried her to the Prize Court at Portsmouth.—Sir George Hay (Nov. 23, 1777) decided that, inasmuch as she was bound from one neutral port to another, there could be nothing contraband of war. Hence the ship was liberated—and the five officers, *with commissions in their pockets from the Rebel Commissioner Benjamin Franklin, at Paris, to join the Rebel army against England, were discharged!* (Applause.) What better precedent does Mr. Seward require for action on the Mason-Slidell affair? (Hear.) My countrymen do not doubt my loyalty—(No, and applause)—and I would not take this course did I not think it more manly to acknowledge an error than to persist in the wrong at the risk of war. (Hear, and loud cheers.) Napoleon has already decided the question—(hear, hear)—so why speak of arbitration? His circular is endorsed by all the Courts in Europe. (Hear.) As usual he has stepped in ahead of the world and absorbed all the credit. (Hear, and laughter.) He did the same at Pekin, and at the Crimea carried off the glory—(hear)—and once more he enters the field of diplomacy just in time to take away all the thunder? (Applause and laughter.) In conclusion I again say *give up the men!* I hope that Seward will do it graciously; that he will send them over in a war ship—(cheers)—that he will meet with a manly spirit the haughty demand of this proud nation. (Hear.) Nay, more I hope that some one will have the foresight to do an act of humanity to some brave soldiers who may freeze in the snowbank or perish in the icebed if they attempt that cold winter journey of six hundred miles—an act of courtesy to England, even though just now she does not deserve it (Laughter.) A little thing of itself, but something that will be recorded to our credit. I mean and hope that the Cabinet of Washington will not only give up the men, but will send a dispatch to Halifax offering a free pass through Portland to the bold winter army—(applause)—at the expense of the American people—(cheers)—on their way to Canada. (Loud applause.) America is proud and sensitive, but it is the pride of honour; and she can do this gracious act with dignity to herself, and gain the good-will of the civilized world. (Applause.) The honourable gentlemen says that it was an outrage. Admit it: but is that a cause for war? ("Yes.") You are right, sir—but don't forget that America refused to go to war in 1812, till England had captured some *fourteen hundred* of our citizens—(hear, hear)—and if England showed the same forbearance she would not go to war until we had committed some *thirteen hundred and ninety-eight* more outrages of a similar nature. (Loud laughter and cheers.) My twenty minutes have expired, and although you kindly say "Go on," I will not break the rules of the debate, more especially as there are eloquent gentlemen from Georgia, from North Carolina, and New York who may have a word to say. So let me conclude with one request to the Cabinet at Washington—one favour to the American people—and that is: "Avoid war, and GIVE UP THE MEN!" (Loud applause.)

MR. TRAIN ON THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

[*From the London American of January* 1, 1862.]

There is no abatement in the interest expressed in all circles on the arrest of the rebel commissioners. These gentlemen, by the act of Captain Wilkes, have been magnified into a notoriety that their talents or their virtues would never have entitled them. We listened to a debate on Monday night, December 30, 1861, worthy of record did our space permit. Mr. Train was loudly called upon to conclude the argument—on the question, DOES THE EMPEROR'S LATE DISPATCH ON THE TRENT MEAN PEACE?

Mr. Train said:—

> Great in the council, fearless in debate—
> Who follows you, sir, takes the *Train* too late!

(Laughter and applause.) It is kind of you, gentlemen, to call me up even at the eleventh hour, and though too late to catch the spirit of the debate, I am in ample time to express my honest belief in the perfect sincerity of the Emperor of the French. (Hear.) I have listened to four able speeches, and while I endorse the two so friendly to the Emperor, I disagree entirely with those who have so savagely attacked him. (Applause.) I am a believer in Louis Napoleon. He made his own throne and keeps it. I was once an infidel to his greatness, but he has converted me to the Christianity of his power, his genius, and his honesty. (Hear.) I have watched that wonderful man for many long years, and have implicit faith in his friendship and good-will to England. (Applause.) No matter where you find him—whether chatting with Count D'Orsay at Lady Blessington's table—or standing beside his mother's grave in Italy—landing with his Eagle at Boulogne—or throwing himself open-breasted upon the bayonets of Strasburg!—eating his frugal meal at Delmonico's in Broadway—or smuggling himself into France with a Swedish passport—making love to the beautiful Eugenia—closeted with the Romanoff at Stutgard—changing the map of Italy with the Hapsburgh on the banks of the Solferino—or paying his courtly hospitality to Victoria, the Queen of these fair islands—(cheers) at St. Cloud—Napoleon, Emperor of all the French, has been true to his destiny—true to his star—true to his people—true to his nation—and you must permit me to challenge its contradiction—has been true to that land that sheltered him in his exile—(cheers)—and that people who befriended him when the world was unkind and his life seemed almost a blank. (Loud cheers.) Remembering your kindness then, he has never deceived you, but been as true to England as the steel to the star and the stream to the sea. (Applause.) And you have no right to question the honesty of his opinion on the "Trent." (Hear.) No right to accuse him of interested motives, no right to turn aside his friendly advice so courteously given, not to you, but to the Americans. (Hear and question.) I have not left the question: while you permitted the other speakers to wander from the Jewish Sanhehrim in Jerusalem to the camp of Beauregard, and from San Juan to San Jacinto! (Laughter and applause.) I never lose my point, nor shall I evade the argument. To be or not to be—that is the question—(laughter)—not to be convinced that the Thouvenel dispatch carries an olive branch to America is *to be* so blind as not to appreciate friendship when it is so gracefully offered. (Hear.) I was once as great a Red Republican as the eloquent speaker whose love of liberty makes him here the real despot of the discussion. (Laughter, and yes.) Years ago I said the Emperor went up like a rocket, and will come down like the stick. I have since concluded that there was no stick in that rocket—(cheers)—I saw nothing then to admire. I talked as you do now of the *coup d'etat*. I said the Credit Mobiler would go to pieces in month—that the Emperor was preparing to revenge Waterloo and Trafalgar—(hear)—that Paris was France! Louis Napoleon was Paris!—and manifest destiny ruled Louis Napoleon! that another grenade at the Opera—a bayonet at the Louvre—a runaway horse on the Boulevards—a chicken bone at dinner—would send the Emperor to the Tomb of the Invalids, and revolution would bring out again from the Faubourgs the Marats, and Dantons, and Mirabeaus, and Robespieres who were waiting to revenge Orsini's death! (Hear.) I little thought then that France would remain so tranquil for a generation, while my own fair land was passing steadily through the throes of the most terrific revolution the world has ever gazed upon! Some years have passed since I was presented to the Emperor by a Secessionist minister—(laughter)—but I have marked well each phase of his eventful life. He is always at home—whether writing to the four Liverpool merchants, or declaring an Austrian war by a new year's compliment to an Austrian minister—borrowing two millions through Barings and Rothchild, at a saving of two per cent.—(laughter)—or in keeping all his own friends about him—not forgetting to promote his boy in London to his groom of the stables in Paris—(hear)—or even in

giving fame to the forum in the *Moniteur*. (Cheers.) No matter where, or how, or when you take him, he keeps his originality—his ideas are all Napoleon. (Applause.) The only thing that he has shown bad taste in and lack of judgment is in not permitting me at once to introduce the street railway into Paris. (Laughter and cheers.) I was engaged during the war with a large dealer in contracts for the Italian army—and some enormous transactions were about being consummated, when, presto! the world was astonished. The *agen de change* startled me with the Bourse dispatch. *La paix est Signe!* against France—against England. Yes, in the face of the world, he stopped short in his career, just as Europe was organizing into a battle-field. (Hear, hear.) Nation was arrayed against nation. Forty millions of French! Twenty-six millions of Italians! against sixty millions of Germans, and, perhaps, sixty millions of Russians, with thirty millions English thrown in to keep them all up to the mark. (Cheers.) He disappointed the entire world, and to-day there *are five hundred thousand more live men in Europe* who may thank the Emperor for his act. (Cheers.) I saw a bomb-shell thrown into Europe in 1848! that bomb-shell was loaded with free opinions—the fuse was the Emperor of the French—(hear)—that fuse is still burning! Again, I compared him to the cork in the champagne, tied down by Navy, Army, and Church, but nobody now seems inclined to cut the cord that chains his destiny. (Applause.) Wonderful is his history—what power! what self-control! what judgment! what tact! We may almost say of him what Phillips did of the hero of Austerlitz: "It matters little whether in the Field or the Drawing-Room, with the Mob or the Levee, wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the Iron crown, banishing a Braganza or exposing a Hapsburg, dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic," he was equal to every emergency. Has not Napoleon the Little turned out to be another Napoleon the Great. (Hear, and how about the *coup d'etal?*)

The *coup d'etat*, gentlemen, Lord Palmerston thought was the base of all his greatness. (Hear.) Had not Napoleon imprisoned the generals who had conspired against him that dark winter morning, they would have imprisoned him! (Loud cheers) The honorable gentleman makes much of the Emperor's Italian promises. True, he said, that he would free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic; but, gentlemen, I hold the argument here, and challenge you to point me to dispatch or speech stating *when* he would do it! (Loud cheers, and That's so.) Wait a little longer there is a good time coming. This may be an important reason why he wishes peace in the dispatch we are now discussing. (Hear.) That dispatch will have a great effect at Washington. (Hear.) And you ought not to speak lightly of the Emperor's friendship. He has introduced a new system into Diplomacy, the system of telling the truth. (Oh, and hear.) Yes, he is too much for statesmen, too much for Kings, too much for Diplomatists, for he tells exactly what he intends to do beforehand, and always does what he says he will. (Cheers.) The last speaker spoke sneeringly of his bringing England into the Russian war; surely your memory is at fault or mine is. Did not Nicholas open the debate with Seymour at St. Petersburg when he offered England Egypt for the privilege of going to Constantinople? Yes. If I am not misinformed England dragged the Emperor into that war, and France bravely responded with ships and money and men, and stood boldly by the brave soldiers at the Alma, the brave guardsmen at the Inkerman, and plunged into the Malakhoff at the sound of the English bugle. (Cheers.) France was true to you then, why should she deceive you in this dispatch? Again, Sir John Bowring found a belligerent on board the lorcha Arrow. And, again, you said to France, send out your ships, your troops, your artillery, and we will go hand-in-hand in introducing civilization and Christianity into China in the shape of opium boxes and cannon ball! (Laughter and cheers.) The war was yours, not Napoleon's, and knowing the peculiar habits of the Algerian soldiers you ought not to complain, because the Frenchmen boned all the Curios at the sacking of the summer palace at Pekin. (Hear and laughter.) You should not forget that the Zouave breeches are peculiarly adapted for stowing away Canton crapes and shawls. (Laughter.) Again, did not the Emperor go hand-in-hand with you upon the Syrian question? The Neapolitan question?) The Sardinian question? And is he not now preparing to march with you through the halls of the Montezumas? (Cheers.) How then can you listen to the speakers who have thrown so much doubt upon the Emperor's friendship. (Hear, and "How about the *Morning Chronicle* and recantation?") Call it recantation if you will. I was wrong on the Trent affair, I saw my error, and thought it more manly, more honest, more gentlemanly, to admit it than to insist that I was right. (Applause.) I am not ashamed to own that I have changed on that question, and I trust in God that my people far over the sea will treat the matter as fairly and as candidly as I have done. (Loud cheers.) Ten years, you see, have also brought a change in my views of the Emperor of the French. My opinions, as the old lady said of her children, may be very ugly, but nevertheless they are mine.

(Hear.) People who live in glass houses may throw as many stones as they please—(laughter)—but I am not so sure that barking dogs won't bite. (Laughter.) Once more, let me ask you to place reliance on the Emperor's word. He has never deceived you since Lord Palmerston acknowledged him a belligerent. (Laughter.) Did he not send you his purse for the sufferers in the Indian mutiny? (Yes, and applause.) Did he not meet Cobden like a man? Is not his palace even now draped in mourning for your sad bereavement? Why, then, should you question for a moment the honesty of his advice to the Cabinet at Washington? (Hear, and applause.) I believe he is as true to America as he is true to England and to France. (Hear.) The names of De Grasse, Rochambeau, and Lafayette are as dear to Americans as they are to Frenchmen. A cheer, then, for La Belle France. (Applause.)

"Land of Heroes—in our need
One prayer from Heaven we crave,
To stop the wounds that vainly bleed—
The wise to lead the brave.
Call back one captain from thy past,
From glory's marble trance,
Whose name shall be a bugle blast
To rouse us!—Vive la France! (Applause.)

Pluck Conde's baton from the trench!
Wake up stout Charles Martel!
Or give some woman's hand to clench
The sword of La Pucelle!—
Give us one hour of old Turenne,
One lift of Bayard's lance,
Nay, call Marengo's chief again
To lead us!—Vive la France!" (Cheers.)

Yes, gentlemen, vote for the Emperor—a man so true to himself cannot be false to any man. (Loud applause.)

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

MR. TRAIN DISCOUNTING THE FUTURE.—DEFENCE OF MR. SEWARD.

[*From the London American, of January* 8, 1862.]

We are pleased to notice the great revulsion of feeling in this country in favor of peace, The press is less warlike, and the speakers in the discussion halls, where public opinion is manufactured were conciliatory. Although appearances have been against it, we are convinced that the great mass of the English people are friendly to America, and as anxious to shake hands with the Americans as the Americans are to shake hands with the English and be friendly. We warmly reciprocate the kind forget and forgive leader in Monday's *Times*.

We are pleased to see at the discussion on the American question, in the Islington Debating Hall on Saturday evening, January 4th, 1862, that the large audience repeatedly applauded the speakers who favored the Federal Government. Mr. Train, by his recent recantation, as the journals call it, on the Trent affair, seems to have entirely regained his former popularity. Many of the country papers have reproduced from the *London American* his speech, with highly complimentary comments, believing, as they say, that it foreshadows the action of the American Government. His predictions as to the certain downfall of the *Copper Head Conspiracy*, and of the triumphant success of the Federal Government in preserving the Union, the Constitution, and the laws, are likely to be soon verified by incoming arrivals. He mapped out a chart in the debate alluded to for the rising generation of the West that is worthy of consideration. The audience seemed determined to have him take part in the debate, although he told them he came to listen—not to speak. We give an extract of that portion of the speech defending the Cabinet and bearing on the future:

Mr. Train: Can the South subjugate the North? That is the way to put the American question in an understandable way to Englishmen. (Hear.) Can three millions of disorganized traitors overpower twenty-five millions of united patriots? or, in other words, is it possible for four hundred thousand slave owners who have succeeded in enslaving four millions of blacks, bring again into bondage twenty free States, and make slaves of the free citizens of the North as they have of the white men of the South? Procrastination may be a thief—(laughter)—but this time you will find an honest man. General Time is the best officer we have in our army—next in rank is General Patience! Wait a few mails longer, and England shall be satisfied that the Americans have not disgraced their Anglo-Saxon fathers. (Applause. The flag already floats over thirty-two States, and even while I speak I think I hear booming over the ocean the sweet music of the Union cannon playing the artillery requiem of Death to Treason! (Loud Applause.) Omnipotence is with us

—there is no such word as fail Providence is generally on the side of the strongest battalion. The voice of the Union cannon is the voice of God. Our camp covers three millions square miles. Our army is the army of freedom throughout the world. (Applause.) Europe wants more air, and America is fighting for millions in this hempishere as well as for millions in that.

"In vain, our kindred shores to part,
Are waves between us thrown,
The tide that warms a British heart
Is that which fills our own."—(Applause.)

We fight for millions of Union men in the South, who call upon the nation's banner for support. We fight for millions of Europeans, who await for peace before emigrating. We fight for honor, education, and religion, —home, wife, and father-land; and, as an American, you must pardon me if I smile at the summary way the last speaker proposed blotting us off the world's map, by sending five thousand troops to Canada. I am not one of those who believe that the Western people and the Western empire can be wiped out of the Western horizon in three weeks time, only to leave a grease spot on the Western ocean! (Laughter and applause.) An illustration will show its absurdity. How brave England will laugh to scorn the man who feared the destruction of these islands at the landing of five thousand Frenchmen at Dover! (Hear, hear.) Or, better still, what could be more ridiculous than England to have attempted the conquest of Russia by sending only five thousand Englishmen to the Crimea! (Applause.) My duty compels me to tell you, in confidence, that the Americans are not Chinese. (Laughter.) We have got through with the Fugitive Slave Law envoys; you will soon have with you the author of the Negro Catcher Act, and the son of the New York tallow chandler; and I wish it were possible for them to bring their negroes with them, just to show Exeter Hall how well such men can manage such labor! (Laughter.) You speak, sir, of the Yankees swallowing the *leek* and eating humble pie. If doing right is a reproach, doing wrong would be infamy. (Cheers.) We are doing our best to stop the *leak!* (Laughter.) And, as for humble pies, all I can say is, that the founder of our faith never indulged in any other kind of pastry! No, sir, our surrender is a great moral victory! (Cheers.) We shall hear no more of Mason and Dixon's line. It will now be Mason and Slidell's capture. (Hear, hear.) Everything is on the change. The Pope turns brigand—kings die suddenly—Vesuvius belches forth molten iron; and slaves no longer run away from their masters, but masters run away from their slaves. (Loud applause.) The gentleman is mistaken about the strength of our Cabinet and our unity. Omitting the two hundred traitors in Forts Warren and Lafayette, and Fernando Wood—(laughter)—the North is a unit, acknowledging one chief, who combines the virtue of Washington with the will of Jackson. Lincoln is every inch a President. Never before has the American Cabinet possessed such an amount of Puritan honesty, Christian patriotism, and so many cubic inches of solid brain. (Hear.) No cleverer man than Chase ever handled the country's finances. No abler man than Cameron ever filled the War office; and you must permit me, emphatically, to deny the oft-repeated slander that Seward is hostile to England. (Applause.) In recent speeches I have alluded to this industriously-circulated slander. Seward is not a man of war. His temperament is peace. Clever as a lawyer—clever as a speaker—clever as a writer—clever as a statesman—he is, without exception, the cleverest Secretary of State that America has ever possessed. I have read his speeches since I was a child—clear, forcible, and full of life. He can talk diplomacy with Lyons, war with Palmerston, Latin with Russell, Greek with Gladstone, or Hebrew with Rothschild. (Laughter.) His dispatches are specimens of patriotism and eloquence. He never repeats. All his dispatches to European powers are unlike in composition, but the same in sentiment, and I challenge the speaker who alluded so severely to our Premier, to point me out one word of hostility to England. (Cheers.) For many years I have been proud of his friendship, and when in Europe some little while ago, after some twenty-five years' absence, I talked with him much about England. I met him in London, and presented him to Lamartine in Paris, and was much instructed by the conversation of the two republican chiefs. Any one acquainted with the Secretary can understand the good-natured joke about Canada, to the Duke of Newcastle. That dinner-table badinage, and a clause in his Astor House speech, in 1860, has furnished the text for all the libels on his character—"Let Carolina, let Alabama, let Louisiana, let any State go out, and you will find Canada and the Mexican States rushing in to fill the vacuum." That is the extent of his offending.

So far from being hostile to England, he has always been just the reverse—(cheers)—and I believe that Mr. Adams has already received a dispatch, in advance of England's demands, highly conciliatory, which has been suppressed by the Foreign Office from the people. (Applause.) Yes, Mr. Chairman, it is all up with the South. The last mean thing done by Davis was to eat himself out of Virginia into Tennessee. (Laughter) I have often read descriptions of the wholesale game-hunting of some lands. The sportsman surrounds the woodland for miles and beats steadily up to the centre, when the rattle of rifles deals death and destruc-

tion on every side. (Applause.) Such is now the Federal policy. No better analogy can be found than that of the Bastile prisoner, who was placed in an elegant apartment, with light, and fruit, and flowers. His punishment seemed a luxury, till one day he imagined that, while the proportions of his apartment were the same, the room had lessened in size. Again he looked, and, sure enough, there was a change. Where is the wonderful machinery? Pale with doubt, listening with suspense, each day he noticed the contraction of the walls. Closer and closer they came—shutting out window after window—but no hand was seen, no noise heard—all was as still as death. His doom was sealed. An inch to-day, another to-morrow. One grip of the four walls, and all was over. (Applause.) The man was pressed to death foot by foot, inch by inch, and he knew not from whence emanated the secret power that crushed him. (Cheers.) So is it with this ungodly revolution. Little by little—step by step—battalion by battalion—the camp is being surrounded; and another mail may bring the startling news of the death-knell of treason. They have played all their trumps in the game of death—while all of ours remain. Their powder is exhausted—their power is gone—and the canker of remorse is eating up the lying, treacherous wretches, who ere long will be willing to pick up the crumbs that fall from the Federal table, or to rest even for a moment in Abraham's bosom! (Cheers and laughter.) You compliment me by alluding to my success in foreshadowing events. Again I glance at the Western horizon. This time we must change the map, and put new words into the history of the war. For Secession, read *Rebellion*—for *Secessionist*, read *Traitor*—for Confederacy, read *High Treason*,—and you will never again laugh at the mention of Bull Run, for it will be known in the nation's record as the *Patterson Treachery*. (Cheers.) It having been accidentally discovered that South Carolina and Virginia do not compose the entire United States, these lecherous old thieves must be swept away—the two Carolinas must sink into one, under the name of Carolina. Virginia, having prostituted herself, is no longer the virgin she once was, and must make way for the new State of Kanawha. (Hear.) Her eastern boundary must be added to the District of Columbia, Maryland, and Delaware. The border States must all be free. White men must come in and Yankeefy the soil, and make the desert blossom like the rose. (Hear.) Florida and Louisiana must be reduced to Territories. Colonize contrabands in the former if you like—and let the commerce of the latter come over the railways and the lakes to New York. Finish the middle link of that great broad-gnage trunk link of twelve hundred miles, that connects the Erie Railroad with the Ohio and Mississippi, the Atlantic and Great Western; and cut a steamship canal through from the Illinois River to Lake Michigan; and by these routes take away the roundabout commerce of New Orleans to the Empire City. Change the term of President to six years. Build monuments to our heroes who died for the Union—each State and each City to honor its own dead. Let the fortifications at Washington remain as the inner forts, and build an outer wall. Have more naval schools and West Point academies. Build low, fast, long, heavy Parrot or Dahlgren gun-boats, but no frigates or liners. Open the nation's door to all the world. Have no more Caucuses or National Conventions! (Hear, hear.) Remodel the Constitution to meet the Nation's wants. Have a school-book prepared to be called the Union Reader, which will be entirely composed of patriotic speeches, patriotic songs, patriotic proclamations, and patriotic resolutions, commemorating this epoch of our history. Put up a large board in all the school-rooms, lined with black, giving the names of all the pirate chiefs, so that the children may daily learn to curse their memory. (Oh!) Introduce a new Form of Prayer to be read in every church, thanking God for saving our nation and preserving our Union. (Cheers.) And have a great National Holiday, to commence on Monday morning and last till Saturday night—a regular jubilee of freedom!—(Cheers and laughter.) Pass a bankrupt law for honest men—the last was executed for scamps—and let the Treasury Notes circulate among our people, a kind of National Bank without any of its disadvantages; and make it high treason for any man to charge a discount on government paper. (Oh!) Cry, America for the Americans—establish American banks in foreign cities—patronize American merchants. We must have no more Secession bankers in England. The time is ripe for a Union Bank in London—a Union Government Agency—for Union men and a Union Administration! Make America the mother land of the Americans. (Applause.) England is the grandmother land. (Laughter.) Make up this unseemly quarrel—shake hands and be friends.

> "No fame that flashed on Britain's brow,
> But gleams on ours alike;
> Then if you can, abjure us now,
> Forget it all—and strike!"

One of these truant days I intend to be a Governor in my native land—(cheers)—and not the least of the planks in my platform, when she confesses sorrow for misrepresenting us, will be, eternal friendship for England! (Loud and continued cheers.)

THE AMERICAN FLAG AND "THE LONDON AMERICAN."

[*From the London American, of January* 15, 1862.]

We are glad to be enabled again to raise over "The London American" the stars and stripes.

Since the establishment of the international journal, now so widely circulated among the loyal Americans in all lands, we have endeavored to do nothing that could possibly be offensive to the great metropolis wherein we are domiciled. It was, therefore, with much regret that we were politely requested to take down the flag by a person who represented himself as coming from the Chief of Police.

The subjoined correspondence shows that the order was not only given without authority, and that the Secession flag had not been countenanced by the department, over which Sir Richard Mayne so well presides.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH SIR RICHARD MAYNE.

18, St. James-street, London,
Jan. 7, 1862.

Sir,—Having often witnessed the flag of England ornamenting the flag-poles of Broadway on the anniversary banquets of the St. Patrick's, St. Andrew's, and St. George's Societies, I was ambitious, in these troubled times, to see the American flag raised in this great congress of all nations, and, believing there could be nothing therein offensive to Englishmen, I presented one to "The London American," 100, Fleet-street. This was before the Trent affair. Imagine my surprise at learning that one of your officers ordered it to be removed! The order was obeyed. I made no complaint at the time, thinking that possibly some city law had been infringed. All this time the Secession flag has been allowed to float over the "Secession Theatre"—a standing insult to every loyal American that passes along the Strand.

Fearing that some mistake may have arisen, I make bold, in all courtesy, to ask you why a rebel banner is permitted to flaunt its colors over the New Adelphi; while the American flag is ordered down from the flag-staff of "The London American?"

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,
(Signed) Geo. Francis Train.

To Sir Richard Mayne,
Chief of Police.

REPLY.

Old Jewry, 10th January, 1862.

Sir,—Your letter of the 7th inst., addressed to Sir Richard Mayne, has been forwarded to me, the subject of it coming under my cognizance as Commissioner of the City Police; and, in answer to your inquiry, I have to state that no order emanated from this office to remove the Federal flag nor to countenance any other.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
(Signed) D. W. Harvey.

G. F. Train, Esq.

18, St. James-street, January 11, 1862.

Sir,—Permit me to express my thanks for your prompt and satisfactory reply to my letter to Sir Richard Mayne, regarding the American flag and "The London American."

Your obedient servant,
Geo. Francis Train.

D. W. Harvey, Esq.,
Commissioner of the City Police.

MR. TRAIN AFTER MR. YANCEY WITH A SHARP STICK.

[*From the London American of January* 29, 1862.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON AMERICAN."

18. St. James's Street, Jan. 28, 1862.

Sir.—The *Daily News* gives a column and a half to Mr. Yancey to explain his views in his nutmeg speech—a letter as bare of ideas as his speech was of morality. As the *Post* copies its entire, and other journals make extracts, perhaps you will permit me to show up a few of the most barefaced of his fallacies.

Mr. Spratt (Debate, May, 1858, Southern Convention at Montgomery) moved:—"That the African slave-trade be re-opened." Mr. Yancey moved as an amendment—"That the Federal laws prohibiting the African slave trade ought to be repealed."

One glance at their resolutions show Messrs. Yancey and Spratt to be partners

in a foul conspiracy to open the slave trade. Does not a prohibitory law repealed leave the question as it was before? Repeal means removal of obstructions. In England, it signified free trade. Pass Yancey's amendment, and repeal means free trade in negroes, or the opening of the African slave trade. Spratt's failure might have proved Yancey's success. Hence the point of opening the slave trade would have been carried by a side-wind, both resolutions being the same in spirit—one's loss was the other's gain—apparently; but being partners the result is palpable. It is not the first time a *Spratt* has been thrown over to catch a whale! Yet Mr. Yancey has the audacity to throw dust in the public's eyes by saying, "that speeches supposed to be for, were really against the African slave trade," and this, in the face of his resolution embodying free trade in negroes! It is notorious that the Convention in question, called for commercial purposes, was converted into a discussion forum for opening the slave trade—Roger A. Prior, representing the slave-breeding interest of Virginia; and Yancey, Spratt and Co., the slave-consuming interest of the cotton States. Prior wanted protection to stimulate his State to greater production by high prices for negroes. Yancey wanted to cheapen negroes, "so that the poor could have them as well as the rich." Hence his resolution to remove restrictions, and give importers their thousand per cent. chance in the speculation. The Convention, instead of discussing free trade with England, "by exchanging Southern cotton, tobacco, corn, and naval stores, for the old world's woollen, cotton, silk, and hardware fabrics," was converted by Mr. Yancey into a debate of free trade with Africa—in African slaves! No other prominent topic was discussed. It was here that the light first broke on the hellish plans of the league.

This Convention was the spark—CONSPIRACY—communicating with the barrel of gunpowder—TREASON! A different view of Mr. Yancey's explosive analogy, the position has changed; the charge, owing to a radical defect of the cannon, came out at the breech instead of the muzzle. Shakspeare in our day would have placed his soldiers to seek the bubble reputation behind the breech-loader, as the muzzle is evidently the safest place to stand.

"There have not been one-hundred slaves imported into the South from any quarter for the last fifty-three years," says Mr. Yancey—and this when at the very time he was debating more than that number of wild Africans from the Wanderer's cargo of five-hundred, were passing through Montgomery to the plantations of his brother slave-owners! And I am not sure that Mr. Yancey himself was not interested in the speculation.

Again—"Yankee captains—Yankee ships—Yankee ships-chandlers and Yankee capital—are the notorious main-spring of that trade!" As captains, ships, ship-chandlers, and capital are all Yankee products, and all Southern enterprise generally comes from Yankee land, and energy displayed, I can readily understand in anything in "Secessia," Mr. Yancey in common justice would give the Yankee credit for. But was C. L. A. Lamar, the importer of the Wanderers' five hundred slaves, a Yankee?

Mr. Yancey wished to repeal the Federal law—as it was a dangerous precedent—yet this precedent Mr. Editor was eighty years of age—the laws were made by Mr. Yancey's Yankee fathers, and were all ratified by slave-holding presidents! He quotes the action of the Confederate Government in promptly abolishing the slave trade. Yet labors for the repeal of the Federal law making it piracy! If slavery is solely a State Right's institution, how is it that the new and improved Constitution of Secessia dares to invade the sacred soil of a Sovereign State by legislating at all upon the slave question.

Mr. Yancey boldly asserts "that every Southern State had in force laws prohibiting the African Slave Trade." If Mr. Yancey means to convey the impression that each State has passed a law prohibiting the importation of slaves from Africa, I as boldly deny it—and challenge him to proof—and in order to stimulate his researches I would wager a hundred pounds that it is a random assertion, and give him six months to produce the evidence.—I will admit that each State may have passed laws with restrictions on negroes from one State to another—but emphatically deny that such laws apply to the African Slave trade as discussed, when Mr. Yancey tried to open it at Montgomery by repealing the Federal Law. It is difficult to prove a negative, but would it not have been absurd for the Inland Slave States to have numbered their statutes, when the United States' laws, which all States acknowledged as supreme before Secession became fashionable, were so ample and all-powerful for their protection, that according to Mr. Yancey's own statement only one hundred slaves have been imported since it was declared piracy.

Mr. Yancey may have conscientious scruples in accepting the wager, but he cannot hesitate to appreciate the importance of protecting his reputation by the proof of a fact so incredible in itself.

I can readily understand the objection of the *Daily News* to place before their readers Mr. Yancey's *nine hours' speech*, as *unreported* speeches give the speaker wide space to make alterations to suit the present argument. He says he made but one speech on the African Slave Trade—but did he not reproduce his favorite theory when stumping

Secessia to fire the Southern heart and instruct the Southern mind to the doctrine of Perjury, Theft, and Treason? Did he ever omit advocating the repeal of the Federal law, when addressing the slave consuming audience?

Another quotation:—

"No State—no prominent man in the South wishes to revive the slave trade." Indeed! Perhaps no man is so bold as to advocate it as openly as Mr. Yancey, but one extract from his master's speech may show what one prominent man at least thinks of the institution.

While Mr. Yancey says that free trade was the cause of rebellion, Mr. Stevens, V. P., of the Southern Confederacy, says, in his famous corner stone speech, (March, 1861,) "*African slavery was the immediate cause of the late rupture and the present revolution. The stone* (African slavery) *which was rejected by the first builders, is become the chief stone of the corner in our new edifice.*"

The last lines of Mr. Yancey's letter contain the pith of his creed—nobody must interfere—England—civilization—the world must all stand back. He must be let alone—God or man have no right to tread on Secession soil—no freedom of speech—no freedom of press—no freedom of thought—nothing but hang—burn, and destroy. The bowie knife—the revolver—and eternal slavery of the white man as well as the black—and this is Secession!

Yours truly,

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

ANOTHER RECANTATION.—MR. TRAIN TURNED SECESSIONIST.

"IS THE NORTH OR SOUTH RIGHT?"

[*From the London American of February* 12, 1862.]

Mr. Train somewhat astonished his friends by another Recantation.—For want of speakers on the Southern side he turned Secessionist.—The sudden apathy on the Southern question, and the sudden friendship for the Federal side we hail as a happy omen.—Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon may talk about breaking the blockade, but Lord John Russell flatly tells them he will do nothing of the kind.—We doubt if the speakers last night in the House of Lords were any more worthy of record than the speeches of Monday night, February 10, 1862, in the TEMPLE FORUM.—We have never seen an audience more astonished, and more electified than the crowded hall who listened to Mr. Train's withering sarcasm and bitter irony on the question "IS THE NORTH OR THE SOUTH RIGHT?"

Mr. Train only rose after repeated calls upon him from all parts of the room; one gentleman having said he wanted to hear "Train on the side of the South." Mr. Train said:—Some gentleman has called upon me to deliver a speech upon the Southern side. As that side seems to be very weak to-night, and—as my *Secession* sentiments are well known to you all—I will carry out the suggestion—and will adopt the Southern side of the question. (Laughter and applause.) Listening to the speeches made to-night, and if permitted to judge of the conflict in America by them—the North will make very short work of the South. (Hear.) As there seems to be a dearth of speakers on the side of the South, permit me ten or fifteen minutes attention for what I may have to say on that side of argument. (Hear.) The Northerners think they have the very best Constitution in the world—because they have placed their Temple of Liberty on the four corner stones—WISDOM—MERCY—JUSTICE and UNION!—But we in Secessia have based our Constitution and reared our Temple of Despotism on one acknowledged corner-stone—NEGRO SLAVERY. Now, I never heard of a house with only one corner-stone—(laughter)—there must of necessity be four, and these are three omitted by Davis's Lieutenant—PERJURY!—ROBBERY!—TREACHERY! On these four columns we have raised that edifice of Despotism for which I have risen to speak. (Cheers.) The question of to-night is very strangely expressed. It asks whether the North or South is right? This is what I call an open and shut question—it is difficult to tell Blucher from Wellington. For instance—Is it right or wrong? Yes, (laughter) or is it hot or cold? No. (Laughter.) You see I can answer in the affirmative or the negative. (Laughter.) I maintain that the North has acted most wrongly by us—that the North was wrong in giving us precedence in all matters of State—(hear)—wrong in giving us, as the honorable gentleman from Alabama says, the power to elect nearly all the Presidents—(hear)—that the North was wrong in giving the South all the naval officers—wrong in taking our men

to make all the army officers. (Cheers.) I maintain that the North was wrong in allowing us to rob the Treasury at Washington—wrong in allowing us to absorb all the Northern spoils—and wrong in allowing us to assume all civil and military power. (Cheers.) I tell you that we in Secessia despise the North. They boast in the North of their morality and religion—but we despise their morality and religion. ("Shame!") I tell you that the North has acted wrongly by us in permitting us to remove all the munitions of war to the Southern ports where they could be surrendered into our own hands—(laughter and cheers)—into the hands of the far-famed chivalry of the South. (Hear.) The honorable gentleman from Alabama, who spoke before me, has told you how the chivalry of South Carolina marched into the Mexican camp I never head that gentleman before—I never before heard my worthy friend, who is—I believe—from the hot-bed of Secessia; but I must tell you that in what he has mentioned he has endeavored to deceive you—he has forgotten to tell you that all those men so eloquently described were enlisted in Philadelphia! (loud cheers), and as I am now speaking on nationalities I may say that the commanding officer of those brave men was an Irishman—General James Shields.—(Continued cheering.)—I say that the South has a right to complain of the way in which the question in debate this night is considered in this country—(here Mr. Train with biting sarcasm turned his Southern argument on England)—we blame you for deceiving us in this great issue. We have to thank you for hastening to acknowledge us as belligerents, but we have a right to blame you for giving all your sympathies to the North.—(Loud applause.)—We blame you because all your press—the London *Times* and every other of your news journals—has given its voice in favor of the North.—(Loud laughter and cheers, the audience fully entering into the spirit of the sarcasm.)—You cannot spare one single journal to the South! We blame you for not giving every assistance to our vessel of war (the Nashville) when in Southampton docks!—(Applause, and "Good again.") Your affections have all been centered on the Tuscarora. You have never assisted one half of our enterprising navy—the Sumter—now in the Mediterranean. I have heard—but I cannot believe it—that the reason the North has not caught her is because the North wishes her left to float on the ocean to show Europe what the North might do with 5,000 similar vessels afloat.—("Oh, oh," and cheers.)

We blame you—and we have a right to blame you—that you have not long since admitted the claims of our great confederacy, as we were led, by *unofficial* correspondence to think you would have done long since —(Hear.)—Again, we have to complain that you have not sufficiently acknowledged our established valor:—have you forgotten how ten thousand of our grand chivalry—after two day's fighting—took ninety of the Northern men out of Fort Sumter?—(Applause and laughter.)—Then again, did we not in open daylight, assassinate in Alexandria their Colonel Ellsworth? You give us no credit for these things; but you would—if you acted justly by us—give us some little credit on that account. You have not done as was 'promised in the first instance—and we complain that your Lindseys, your Gregorys, your Halliburtons, and your other Members of Parliament advocate—although feebly—the acts of the North.—(Applause.)—You ought to take our side because it is the weaker one. If you saw a King Charles's pup fighting with a bold bulldog, you would take the part of the King Charles because it was the weaker—and we complain that you do not for the same reason take our part.—(Cheers and laughter.)—You take enormous credit for having dispatched so quickly men and munitions of war to Canada—you take great credit for having suppressed certain dispatches—("oh," "yes," and cheers)—remember I am speaking for the South.—(Laughter)—You take great credit for having suppressed those dispatches for three weeks—but we in the South keep our secrets longer than that—we kept our secrets not for three weeks, or three months, or three years—but for thirty years.—(Hear. hear.) And yet all that time we were adding in the North to the Knights of the Golden Circle! We keep our secrets longer;—not for three weeks, but for thirty years—we kept concealed from the world our forces—Look at our admirable plan for assassinating President Lincoln!—Cries of "Shame!")—it was discovered too soon by some vile Union man, or we might have asked credit for the success of our Guy Fawkes plot to blow up the President—(Shame on them.)—We have been deceived. —We have many enemies in the Northern camp.—Our position reminds me of the man who fired at a squirrel—when the squirrel ran away he exclaimed—Oh! now if you had been at the other end of the gun you would have omitted that chirp.—(Laughter.)—Reference has been made to Bull Run.—It proves, as I told them at Hanley, what I have had much trouble in getting English people to believe—that the American people are never troubled with that hereditary disease so peculiar to Englishmen.—(Laughter.)—But the Northerners are not the only people who have the right of claiming all such laurels.—(Hear.)—You ought to give us some credit on that account also.—Look when the Northerners landed at Port Royal and Beaufort—we showed then powers

of pedestrianism throwing even Deerfoot into the shade.—(Laughter and cheers.)—When the Northern hordes landed, the chivalry of Georgia went first—South Carolineans next—and the Germans last—until at last there was but one poor old nigger left.—(Loud cheers)—I never saw such speed—they reached Charleston in much shorter time than I should have thought possible—Why did the gentlemen from Secessia omit this praiseworthy fact when alluding to our chivalry?—Then, again, read the papers of Saturday—and to-day—Have you not read how 10,000 men left the field whereon lay the bodies of Zollicoffer and Peyton?—they went quickly because they were anxious to fight the battle in Tennessee.—(Confusion.)—Don't get excited Secessionists, for I am to-night on the side of the South.—(Applause and laughter.)—The word Secessia signifies Revolver—Bowie Knife—Lynch Law—Tar—Feathers, and the noble science of Repudiation—(Hear.)—while the word Unionist or Yankee possesses the mean interpretation of Education—Virtue—Genius—Enterprise, and Honesty.—(Cheers.)—You are not perhaps, aware that in Mobile—in Charleston—in New Orleans—are all the manufactories of America.—(Laughter.)—That all the shipping of the United States comes from the South, and I can tell you that the North have no need to boast of their Eli Whitney and his Cotton Gin—We could have invented a Cotton Gin!—(Laughter, and good.)—Mention has been made to-night of our intention to march to Washington, encamp on Bunker Hill and raise our flag on Faneuil Hall.—We did intend to march through but not to stop, our object being to pass quietly through Washington and Boston on our road to liberate the 40,000 free negroes in Canada—robbed from the South by Canada refusing to return fugitives.—(Yes, and continued cheering. That's so.)—The Northerners boast of their Bunker's Hill and Lexington, and Concord.—Now, I say that we could have done the same, and more too if we had chosen.—(Laughter.)—We could have beaten the English in half the time.—(Oh!)—We have to complain of the unwarrantable delay in the affair of the Trent—had the Nashville taken Lovejoy or Sumner from the deck of a British ship, you would not have taken half the time to consider the matter! (Laughter and hear.) Why, if I remember rightly you received the news on Thursday—on Friday it was all right—on Saturday it was all wrong—on Sunday war was declared and troops ordered to Canada!—yes, this dignified nation took fifty-six hours deliberation before declaring war!—fifty-six hours after the advices had arrived!

Now we say that this delay is unworthy of so great a nation—had the act been committed on the side of the South half the time would have been sufficient. (Cheers.) You blame us over the way for delay—procrastination. Why, what did you do at the Russian war? On a Monday morning you were going to Cronstadt—Napier said so at the breakfast-table—(Yes, and hear)—on Tuesday you were going to take Sebastopol—on Wednesday to march through Moscow—and on Thursday to annex the whole of the Russian dominions! (Loud cheers.) Now, we have been but little longer in finishing our work. (A voice—"Not so long.") We have been but a little while longer, and we ask for a little patience on your part. Our battle-field is four thousand square miles—yours was one hundred. The South is right—quite right. I believe in the right of revolution. Canada tried revolution and failed—India tried revolution and failed—New Zealand—ah! there I believe you have more to fear than from France, your nearest neighbor—I believe that that New Zealander will shortly be in the Forum, sketching the ruins of Temple Bar. (Loud cheers,) All these have tried revolution and failed, and we have a right to try and fail also—(cheers and laughter)—no doubt about it. We ask you for help!—help! You have deceived us in the beginning—you promised to acknowledge our confederacy—Russell said so—and we ask your assistance now—unless you come to our assistance within a few days you will be too late—the Northerners are coming down upon us like a whirlwind, and we ask you to assist us or we shall all be murdered in our beds. (Loud laughter, continuing for some time.) I blame you for not sending out ships to break the blockade. Look at Seward—how has he behaved to you?—what right had he to show such friendship to England after you had abused him so? When Lord Lyons asked him to give up the men, he gave them up at once—when Lord Lyons asked why he didn't give them up before? He answered—Because we didn't know that you wanted them—and asked if paying the bill at maturity was not enough these hard times—(loud laughter)—he then said:—Anything else, my lord?—Yes, there has been a vessel brought into port with the American flag hoisted over the English one. Seward immediately telegraphed to the officer, telling him never to do so again. (Laughter.) Is there anything else, my lord?—Yes, two passengers similar to Mason and Slidell, have been taken from the Eugenia Smith. Mr. Secretary telegraphed at once that they must be released, and no more prisoners taken.—(Laughter.) Is there anything else, my lord?—Yes, two Canadians have been compelled to take the oath of allegiance in Fort Lafayette!—Telegraph again to absolve those men from their oath, and direct that no such oath shall be demanded in the future from any one. (Loud cheers.) Is there anything else, my Lord?—Yes, I am concerned

about this blockade, and ruin of the harbor of Charleston.—Mr. Seward replies by lamenting that such a course should be necessary, and shows how utterly the harbor is destroyed, by announcing that a British steamer, loaded with arms and goods, contraband of war, has run the blockade —Is there anything else, my Lord?—Well, no!—Are you sure?—Nothing.—Mr. Seward immediately sets the telegraph to work to intimate that, in order to save the sufferings of their destined journey, the British troops may pass through Portland on their way to Canada.—Now, I submit that we of the South have a right to complain of the manner in which Mr. Seward acted. Did he not in this prove himself England's friend, instead of America's? Was he not actuated by love for England? We have a right to complain of this friendliness. It is contrary to our Southern history and our Southern Constitution. (Yes, and that's so.) We in the South have always breathed hostility against England, and we think in return we have a right to ask for your assistance now! We had a right to expect that you would do something for cotton! I blame the North for giving up Mason and Slidell so soon—I say we have a right to Revolution—I blame the North for its friendliness to England—it has always been friendly to England, and the South has been always hostile! Was not the Australasian which you sent out loaded with soldiers—powder and ball—sent back to you by those cowardly Northerners loaded with flour and corn? You don't understand this question here in England: as this hall is composed of all nations—so is America.

> You can't knock out a people's brains,
> No matter how the bolt is hurled—
> The blood of nations is in our veins,
> *And those who strike us strike the world!*

I tell you one thing—we have only been getting up this little affair to amuse you. The South has not found it to answer and now begs for mercy! You must come within three weeks to help us, or you will be too late. I know, for I have full information upon the subject. Three weeks only. Wait, and you shall be convinced that the Anglo-Saxon race has not degenerated—that we have ourselves the power to put down Revolution. (Cheers.) How absurd for the North to justify blockading our harbors so that you can run in your munitions of war over the sunken ships—by maintaining that England sunk ships at Savannah eighty years ago—where we Secessionists sunk more the other day—that Richelieu made a dyke of sunken ships at Rochelle in 1628—that the British Admiral ordered Boulogne to be blocked up in 1804!—and sent five ships loaded with stone to Alexandria in 1807! that Lord Dundonald tried to get Lord Mulgrave to follow suit at Aix in 1809! How absurd for the Mud Sills and Greasy Mechanics of the North to find excuses in despoiling the harbor of Charleston, by saying that a blockade of stone was better than a blockade of dead men—that the *Times* wished Delhi to be destroyed and sown with salt—(hear)—and recommended the Government to destroy Pekin street by street, and house by house! (Cheers.) Let England burn Copenhagen and not give up Malta—but the North shows great weakness by trying such justification. They thought it better to sink ships than to blow up our brave chivalry from the muzzles of the guns as was done in India! (Hear, hear.)—but if we could get hold of some of the Northern traitors we would tie them to the cannon as England did, and send them back to their camp in pieces, as a slight rebuke to them.

(Shame.)

> Yet Blood! Blood! Blood! Screams the sanguinary *Times*,
> Oh, God! that miscreants should grow rich upon their crimes.

Don't forget that we shall lay our murder at Lord Palmerston's door. Promises have been broken. We thought you would recognize us before. We depended upon your *pro-slavery* professions during the last thirty years for support against the Abolitionists. (Laughter.)

> Britannia's breast with pity swells for slaves!—their wrongs are ne'er forgotten—
> Poor maid!—we fear her bosom swells are but the rise and fall of cotton.

We blame you for letting Mr. Yancey bolt away from the country the moment he heard of my preparing his eventful biography—we blame you for your coldness in not showing any hospitality to the author of the Fugitive Slave Law. You should make the most of Mr. Mason—he has cost you a million! He rooms just opposite me at Fenton's, but he has never called at No. 18. (Laughter.) I am told that Mr. Gregory, M. P., is the only caller he has had since his arrival. (Hear.) Really you are a wonderful people. I believe you will yet come out all right—(cheers)—and swear by America as in former times—(hear)—another mail, you must get another act in the tragedy of empire. I can hear the American cannon playing the last act. How prophetic was British Berkley!—

> Westward the star of empire takes its way—
> The first four acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offerings is the last.

Mr. Train fairly electrified the audience, who heartily cheered throughout, keeping it up for several minutes after he sat down.

[It would be difficult for any one to appreciate, not in England at the time, the bitter feeling of hostility against America and Americans after the Trent affair. The peer and the peasant alike vied with each other in heaping abuse upon our people. Mr. Train's letter to the "New York Herald" and his Union speeches provoked attack from all the penny-a-liners from Aberdeen to Dover; but instead of giving extracts from the numerous papers in the kingdom, the following leader from the "*Morning Chronicle*," will best show how far their hostility was carried. The whole war fever at one time seeming to centre upon Mr. Train.]

[*From the Morning Chronicle of December* 11, 1861.]

The instincts of a whole people are seldom wrong. For years past there has been growing up in England an involuntary dislike of the being which calls itself a Yankee. It is not that we have few national sympathies with the United States of America, or that we detest the hypocrisy which declares all men equal, and yet advertises a wretched batch of humanity "warranted to breed like cattle." It is the repulsive vanity of the race, which is as yet scarcely half-bred, and nevertheless claims for itself the foremost stand in creation. There are many points of resemblance between the Americans of the North and the Chinese. When the Yellow Dwarf of Pekin scrawls with the Vermillion Pen an edict proclaiming Great Britain his vassel, the dirty idiot, no doubt, believes in his own majesty. When a Frenchman, spindled like a milliner in effeminate buckram, assures his audience at a coffee-shop that he might have married the daughter of any English peer, perhaps the ape in woman's stays is unconscious of his lunacy. When, therefore, a transatlantic longshanks, a jaundiced, ricketty, lanthorn-faced, and knock-kneed specimen of overgrown squalor, boasts that he can whip all the rest of mankind, it is possible that the noisome braggart means what he says, He is as ignorant as a Mandarin; he knows nothing of any country but his own; he has been accustomed to lord it over helpless Africans; and he may have persuaded himself, in this purblind condition of his intellect, that he is one of Nature's chivalry. But, if we can excuse the fustian of New York, are we bound to give it an asylum in London? There is a man now lodging in St. James's street, who, uniting in his own person everything that is ridiculous in the general demeanour of a Yankee, is enjoying our hospitality and availing himself of our generosity to act the spy and to insult us in the most ribald journals of New York. This individual is Mr. George Francis Train, somewhat notorious in connection with the tramway nuisance in our public thoroughfares. We shall not lay to his account the numerous fatal or otherwise lamentable accidents which have occurred since his pestilent enterprise was first taken in favor by certain vestries, nor is it necessary to hold him responsible for all the injuries inflicted by his abominable rails upon carriage springs; but by what right is it that he corresponds with that degraded retailer of filth, the Editor of the *New York Herald?* Ever since he arrived in England this Train has been an offence, and, so to speak, a social obstruction. He has given champagne breakfasts to all who were incautious or abject enough to partake of them; he has exhibited himself in attitudes the vulgarity of which would have disgraced a booth at a rural fair; he has delivered speeches, the egotism of which was only less revolting than his notion that an English Member of Parliament could be bribed with a bucketful of iced wine; he has resorted to a puffing system, from which even Barnum or Belphegor might have recoiled; he has hawked about his own portrait, as though he had been a wandering minstrel, lampblacked for East-end saloon; and yet—we presume, on account of his brag about money—he has not been shown to the door of every respectable house in the metropolis. Nor can we blame the tolerant hospitality of our countrymen, especially as it began to abate immediately after a certain infamous attempt to blast the character of an English baronet, or the good-humored license accorded to the Yankee speculator to make a fool of himself in his own way. But the matter assumes a very different complexion when we read his letter inserted in the vilest print of New York. He all but confesses that he is in communication with the spies who are sneaking about Southampton; he alludes to them as "detectives;" he keeps an inventory of ships' cargoes; in fact, he is eaves dropping by his own admission, and we want to know if the English people are to endure his rowdy presence any longer.

Of course, we are glad that there is no Judge Lynch in England. By all means, we deprecate the use of tar and feathers. On no account let Mr. Train be put under the pump. We are very anxious not to

have his windows broken. But we do say that no English gentlemen can in future sit under the same roof with him, and we are glad to remember that there are journalists attached to the press of this country who, from the first, refused every invitation to wallow at his bribery breakfasts. However, from the tone of his communication to the most ruffianly newspaper on the other side of the Atlantic, we are led to sundry guesses at his biography. We should say that he was born and educated in the Five Points. We should fancy that if he were not George Francis Train, he would be Paul Jones on a meaner scale. He is precisely the sort of individual to cram with calumny the hungry scandalmongers of the New York oyster bars; to scribble anonymous defamations; in fact, to constitute one of that high-minded fraternity which panders to the lowest Irish feeling and the most reprobate Yankee insolence in the Empire City. This Mr. George Francis Train compares England to a theatre, in which the boxes are secessionist, while the pit and galleries are union. The vary comparison is an impertinence. There is in this country no union and secessionist party, but there is a nation which, from the dress circle, as he terms it, to the poorest wayfarer that can spell his own name, has resolved to obtain reparation for the outrage on the English flag. But Mr. Train is fertile in figures of speech. In his eyes the merchants, bankers, statesmen, and middle-classes of Great Britain are so many foot-pads, pretending to travel in peace on the same road with America, and scheming all the while to maltreat and rob her; a majority of us are traitors, instigated to bloodshed by a clique of unscrupulous politicians; our politics are utterly rotten; our outfitters are supplying arms and ammunition to pirates; in fact, England is the new emporium of the filibusters.

In the cant style peculiar to him, and which is a compound of Five Points slang and Senatorial swagger, Mr. Train proceeds to assail our Minister at Washington, and in a postscript fulfils his final duty as a spy by reporting, "Ship had not cleared up to two o'clock, P. M. Sails Monday for Teneriffe; more will follow." Now, is this the sort of business that the tramway projector has in England? We had thought that he confined his ambition to spoiling our streets, running down our omnibuses, jolting our cabs, damaging our bronghams, and occasionally varying the performance by fracturing the legs of an old beggar or a few children. So long as the English public thought this harmless, Mr. Train might safely take advantage of our hospitality and bounce at the head of his own table like a licensed victualler opening a country tavern. But since his mission has become political, we rather think that Mr. George Francis Train is too much of a patriot to remain unserenaded in St. James's street. Mr. George Francis Train is a type of the Yankee, as we have depicted him, and his letter is in precise accordance with all that is obtrusive, vain-glorious, ill-bred and impudent, in the American character. It is needless to add, that it overflows with falsehood. We recommend the volunteer correspondent of the New York Herald to adopt a pseudonym in his future communications, or, still better, to occupy himself in taking up his trams, which are not wanted in England, at any rate from a Yankee speculator. And when he has restored our thoroughfares to a state of decent safety, to go home and sport a tilbury, with a liveried negro, on the Broadway. We must have none of this New York spying and bullying in London. If Mr. Train thinks he can set a watch upon our ports, and insult us with impunity, he may find, like the rest of his countrymen, that our national spirit and energies have been underrated, exactly as everything in America has been overrated for years past; for example, the army, reviewed the other day at Washington, which was said to be composed of seventy thousand men, and turns out to have been under fifty. Mr. George Francis Train, his photographs, his speeches, his breakfasts, his cards, his omnibuses, his slang, his petitions, his puffs, have long been standing nuisances; but we can put up with a nuisance. Putting up with a spy is a very different matter.

A man's sentiments are oftentimes translated from different points of view. England's opinion of Mr. Train's bold speeches are well portrayed in the foregoing bitter article from the "*Morning Chronicle.*" But America is always ready to honor her sons whenever they show themselves worthy of her protection, as will be seen by the following elegant testimonial from the Commercial, Financial, Literary, and Political Citizens of Philadelphia:

TESTIMONIAL TO GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,

FROM ONE HUNDRED OF THE LEADING CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA.

[*From the London American of February* 19, 1862.]

Whatever may be the opinion regarding Mr. Geo. Francis Train's political course in England, there can be little doubt about the sentiment he has roused in America.

It will be seen that Wm. Moran, Esq., is the bearer of the letter from Judge Kelley, enclosing the testimonial signed by some of the most distinguished men of Pensylvania. Each mail from the United States brings the reproduction of the speeches which first appeared in "The London American," and we make our acknowledgments to the various American journals for quotations from our columns.

(Copy.)

London, Feb. 18, 1862.

George Francis Train, Esq., London.

My Dear Sir,—I have the pleasure of being the bearer to you of a copy of the proceedings of, and a series of resolutions passed at a public meeting recently held in the city of Philadelphia, in reference to the patriotic course pursued by yourself in defending the name and course of the American Union. The resolutions speak for themselves; but it may add to your gratification to know that the names signed to the proceedings are those of men who represent the highest classes of Philadelphia society, and comprise the most eminent citizens among the political, commercial, judicial, and literary classes.

I can bear personal testimony to the unanimity and enthusiasm with which the resolutions were adopted, and beg to assure you how heartily I unite in this gratifying evidence of public admiration which your recent course has everywhere inspired among your countrymen,—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly, (Signed) Wm. Moran.

(Copy.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, ESQ., LONDON, ENGLAND.

Dear Sir,—It was made my duty to transmit to you the enclosed resolutions, which were adopted, with much enthusiasm, by a numerously attended meeting of the most influential citizens of the city of Philadelphia. Unavoidable absence from my home has delayed the performance of this agreeable duty. Let me not, however, detain you by apologies or personal explanations, but briefly assure you that the resolutions express the sentiments, not only of those who participated in the meeting, but of all your loyal countrymen,—your manly utterances have rung trumpet-toned throughout the country.

In undoubting faith that our own country will not be dismembered, and that our democratic republican institutions will be purified and strengthened by the unhappy contest now waging, and with earnest wishes for your continued health and prosperity—I remain, dear Sir, with admiration and esteem, very truly yours,

(Signed) Wm. D. Kelley.

Philadelphia, December 23, 1861.

(Copy of Testimonial.)

George Francis Train, Esq.,

The Eloquent Champion of the American Union.

A meeting of citizens was held on the evening of November 25th, at the Continental Saloon, Market-street, for the purpose of expressing an opinion in relation to the manly and patriotic course of George Francis Train, Esq., on the existing national crisis, and particularly with regard to the stirring and eloquent speech recently delivered by Mr. Train, at Westminster Palace Hotel, London.

On motion, John Derbyshire, Esq., was called to the chair, and Fred. Forepangh, Esq., was appointed Secretary.

The object of the meeting was briefly stated by the chairman, when Mr. Robert Morris gave a sketch of the character and career of Mr. Train, and alluded in glowing terms to the fearless and independent manner in which he had on various occasions, within the last five years, vindicated and sustained the honor and glory of his own native land. He then concluded by submitting the following preamble and resolutions: which were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, in the judgment of this meeting it is the duty of every loyal American, whether at home or abroad, to avail himself of every fitting opportunity to vindicate the Government of his country—uphold the national Constitution, and maintain the inviolability of the Union; and, *Whereas*, we have with the liveliest satisfaction read the eloquent and patriotic speech that was delivered by George Francis Train, Esq, at Westminster, Palace Hotel, London:

Therefore Resolved—That we hereby tender our cordial thanks to our gallant and gifted young countryman for an effort that does honor alike to his head and heart, and has been read with the keenest delight by thousands and tens of thousands of American citizens.

Resolved, That Mr. Train has in a spirit of manly independence, given a truly forcible exposition of the existing national crisis its causes and its objects, and at the same time

vindicated the integrity and patriotism of the millions of his countrymen who endorse the sentiment of the illustrious Daniel Webster, "Liberty and Union—one and inseparable—now and forever."

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions, duly attested by the officers and a committee of one hundred gentlemen, to be appointed by the Chairman, be forwarded to Mr. Train.

Resolved, That this meeting adjourn.

(Signed) JOHN DERBYSHIRE, *Chairman.*
FRED. FOREPAUGH, *Secretary.*

Wm. B. Thomas, Wm. F. Forepaugh, C. J. Hoffman, S. E. Malone, C. D'Invilliers, Geo. L. Waitte, Saml. K. Ashton, Jas. Milliken, P. C. Ellmaker, S. N. Winslow, Wm. Anspach, Wm. Moran, Henry W. Gray, L. L. Crocker, Geo. H. Ashton, Ed. P. Mitchell, Saml. Hart, George Harding, Wm. W. Harding, A. G. Cattell, Anthony J. Drexell, Wm. L. Dennis, Cephas G. Childs, Isaac Ford, Alex. R. McHenry, H. Nelson Burroughs, Geo. L. Buzby, John M. Kennedy, Edmund A. Souder, Wm. Brunner, A. C. Young, F. M. Godwin, B. Frank Palmer, John T. Ricketts, Ed. D. Potts, P. B. Mingle, Jos. Leeds, Samuel Dutton, E. G. Cattell, John K. Zeilin, R. F. Van Dyke, John W. Sexton, Wm. F. Hughes, Chas. B. Dungan, Alex. F. Hazard, Jas. M. Earle, Edwin Yerkes, John E. Addicks, Saml. L. Ward, Howard Yardley, H. H. Shillingford, O. H. P. Conover, Chas. W. Mitchell, Julius Lee, T. B. Peterson, Chas. W. Troller, H. B. Leach, Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Hon. John P. Verree, John Edgar Thompson, Thomas A. Scott, Morton McMichael, Robert Morris, A. J. Derbyshire, Jas. Patterson. Chas. Gilpin, Wm. H. Kern, Edgar Earle, Watson Dupuy, Wilbur F Rose, Wm. B. Morris, A. C. Michener, Mahlon Milnor, Allen B. Miller, H. M. Kimmey, John B. Kenney, Thomas M. Plowman, C. A. Widener, James A. Sloan, George Howell, Chas. Platt, Jas. Steel, James Martin. Lewis L. Houpt, Dr. Wm. Gregg, F N. Buck E. W. Randolph, Geo. J. Hamilton, Jas. Mason, W. J. Caner, Rich. Mason, Geo. W. Gibbons, Lorin Blodget, Oliver Wilson, H. Naglee Brunner, Chas. Megargee, P. B. Savery.

[Copy of Mr. Train's Reply.]

18 St. James's Street, London,
February 18, 1862.

To the Hon. WM. D. KELLEY,
Member of Congress, Philadelphia.

MY DEAR SIR:—When it comes to pass that a prophet becomes known in his own country—the wealth of censure is usually in striking contrast to the poverty of praise—commendation stimulates the mind to higher aims, but how few have the generosity to bestow it!—I have been so misunderstood—so misrepresented—so abused in this country simply for being true to my own, it pleases me to bask in the sunshine of your good will. Your testimonial is most welcome, because most unexpected, and having observed that our people forget a man who has served the State after one banquet—one snuff-box—and one freedom of the city, I am desirous of prolonging the delightful sensation of being patted on the shoulder.

In your kindness you mention my loyal course during our night of revolution.—I could not help it. Some men are born patriots—others make themselves so—while others have patriotism thrust upon them. There is no credit in knowing how to spell, but positive disgrace in being ignorant on that point. So there can be no credit in doing right, while it is infamous to do wrong. I always act on first thoughts. Second thoughts are often destructive of happiness. First thoughts make patriots. Second, create traitors. Born within cannon-shot of Bunker Hill—nurtured about half way between Lexington and Concord, my love of country was as natural as it was national, The moment my nurse explained to me about the Fourth of July—I commenced as a babe firing popguns in my cradle.—Spent more money as a boy, in fire-crackers on the Fourth of July than any other in the village, and as a man have been making Fourth of July Speeches all over the world. Happening to be in England, when loyal Americans were not the chief ornaments of the British Museum, I commenced firing my signal guns twelve months ago, the echo of which is just booming back upon me from my Atlantic home.

As my originality consists in appropriating the ideas of others; I am at a loss to understand how the world has come to believe in me—unless it is by noticing the natural simplicity of my disposition and the constitutional diffidence of my temperament.

The world usually pushes a man the way he makes up his mind to go—if going up they push him up—if going down they push him down—gravitation, however, making the speed the greater on the incline.

Observing that the riflemen aims above the mark he intends to hit, I point to the White House with the intention of lighting on the floor of Congress. Start fair and wonders are easily accomplished. When the swimmer succeeds in floating—the river is soon crossed.—Let the world acknowledge a man to be intellectually one inch over six feet—and inches ares oon dropped, and feet are added to his statute. Minorities rule the world, not majorities, as evidence by the fact of there being more Politicians in it than Statesmen.

When told that I am clever, I modestly say, Yes, much cleverer than you think me to be—this usually stops comment, surpris-

ing the auditor by the honesty of the egotism.

Had I not more money (in prospective) than I know what to do with, I would immediately apply to the administration as other loyal citizens do for my compensation for being a patriot. To prevent any sudden action of the Government in appointing me minister to the Cannibal Islands, I may as well mention my *dis*qualifications for high office. I have written some unread books—know some unknown languages—write rapidly—speak well—and have kept the commandments from my youth upwards—never voted—never belonged to a fire company—Odd Fellow—Free Mason, or any other secret society—debating club, or military company!—never imbibed a glass of rum, gin, or brandy, wine or any kind of intoxicating liquor, yet never signed a pledge or belonged to a temperance society—never smoked a cigar—chewed a piece of tobacco—or took a pinch of snuff—never failed to accomplish whatever I undertook—never had but three months schooling—hence am more familiar with live languages than dead—never had a chance to cheat widows and orphans out of anything, no considerable sums ever having been left any length of time in my hands!—never had an opportunity of taking advantage of my country's embarrasments to make money out of my people—never was sufficiently near the enemy to give me the chance to run—hence think I should make a good Brigadier-General, and this is the first time I ever had occasion to write a political letter, which is the only apology I have for its—red-tape style Suffice it to say, sir—I deeply feel your remembrance and appreciate your friendship,—and those you represent—and encouraged by your kindness, I pledge myself to keep my future as free from blemish as is my past career—and some day hope to prove to you that your confidence has not been misplaced—meanwhile I ask you to present my warm regards to each of the distinguished gentlemen who have honored me by singing the testimonial, and request them to draw upon me at sight for any quantity of goodwill, and to remember, individually and collectively, when they cross the ocean, that they will always find an open door, a well-filled plate, and an honest welcome at number Eighteen St. James's-street. Faithfully and thankfully yours.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

[*From the London American of February* 26, 1862.]

The CHAIRMAN:—I have received several requests from the ladies to hear Mr. Train. (Cheers.) Every five minutes some one sends me up a card to say that they are waiting to hear Mr. Train—(applause)—but I must tell you that Mr. Train, although urged on several occasions to respond to one of the regular toasts, has declined to do so. But I am sure after the loud call he has heard he will hardly have the courage to refuse. (Loud applause.)

Mr. TRAIN, who was received with loud cheers, said:—Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentleman—You are right—I have the courage to be an American in a foreign land, when Americans needed some one there to make known their determined intention to preserve intact our nation—our union—and our flag—(cheers)—but I am not bold enough to say "No" on the birthday of our Great Captain, to the call of so many of my fair countrywomen.—It is a long time since I have heard a cheer—and I take it from you with a welcome and will, not for myself—but to pass along away from this great London—over the corn-fields and the castle—past the homes of England's peers and England's peasants—onward out of the river on to the ocean—near enough to startle the pirate captain of the Nashville from his unhappy dream of treason—still further on until the sound of your patriotic voices strikes with the dashing wave upon our rock-bound coast, and mingle its soul-stirring music with the Union cannon, to cheer our glorious warriors on to victory. (Loud cheers.) I take your cheers and speed them on to my dear country, where God knows they need them bad enough; for it is many a long day since we have had a cheer from this grand old land of our fathers, where we thought we had a right to expect them. (Hear, hear.) If England thinks that we have lost our nationality, look at these well-filled tables—listen to the elegant speeches that we have heard to-night—and tell me if we represent so many earnest

men and earnest women, how is it possible for any one to suppose that we do not possess the power of putting down revolution? (Cheers.) When it became known that we have been only loading our cannon, and burnishing our armor—and that the battle is only now commenced, England will look on amazed to witness such terrible energy—such masses of well drilled men—such ponderous engines of war—don't be dismayed, for there is a good time coming, boys—wait a little longer. (Cheers.) Read about the battle of Somerset, where two rebel generals died the ignominious death of traitors—short dispatches strike the heart when we find them full of victory. We have met the enemy, and they are ours, said old Perry on the lakes! I am in the Malakoff, and mean to stay there, telegraphed Bosquet to the Emperor! Fort Henry is ours! The Union flag is again established in Tennessee. (Loud cheers.) It will never be removed—(loud cheers)—was the last note of war that was flashed along the western wires from General Halleck! (Applause.) Don't you feel in the air, some mysterious agency that carries to your expectant mind, the news of victory? Pulaski is taken by this time? Fort Donaldson has fallen and perhaps this is the day that McClellan has waited for to nail the flag over the mountain passes of Manassas. (Cheers.) There is a good time coming, boys—wait a little longer. I agree with Dr. MacGowan—the Revolutionists must be either our fellow-citizens or our fellow-subjects. (Hear.) I agree with Mr. Morse that separation is impossible, and the Union must be preserved. (Cheers,) It is a sad sight, on the great desert, to witness the meanest animal adrift in the sand—sadder still to pick up a little summer bird perishing in the snow-bank—and more pitiful to meet, way out in the ocean, a noble ship dismasted, with the sea-birds floating in the sea-weed, and hovering around and on the wreck, shrieking an ocean requiem over the human life that perished there! Such things make heavy the sensitive mind; but these are light matters to awaken sympathy, compared with the afflicting sight of meeting abroad a citizen of a great country that was destroyed by treason! A peerage or Westminster Abbey, said Nelson, as he plunged into Trafalgar! I would say Union Eternal, or if not, then throw me into some pauper grave—and hastily rattle the stones over my bones, and put up a perishable slab, on which inscribe these words:—Here lies an American who lived a happy life with the belief that he was a citizen of the grandest of empires—but died a miserable existence in a hostile land, without a home, a friend, or country! Hannibal swore eternal hate against the Romans. I call upon you each and all to swear eternal love to the union of our America. (Loud cheers.) There are twenty-five millions who will remember the inspired words of Lawrence, as they waved the flag over his head as the cannon balls were striking around him.—Don't give up the ship. (Applause.) England is coming round again. Let us announce a few more victories, and a Secessionist will only be known as one of the fossils of the museum—even now the tone is changing. Mr. Thompson and Wilkes and Beal have spoken to-night the words that thousands and tens of thousands think. The press has changed its war tone—and the parliament is kind again—and Lord John Russell is doing his best to rival Mr. Seward in compliments. (Applause.) Mr. Seward expresses our position in a sentence.—We are fighting for self-preservation and the common rights of human nature. (Cheers.) The noble earl made one mistake in his celebrated speech—he said the South was fighting for independence, and the North for empire.—He should have reversed it to express the nation's sense—the North is fighting for independence and the South for empire. (Cheers.) My countrymen—and my fair countrywomen—there is one thing we must never forget. During our dark days of doubt, and dread of adding another war and its wild horrors to the exciting revolution—there were two English journals in London that boldly spoke for our distracted country—asking for fair play—for trial before execution. When all the great presses were throwing off war bulletins by hundreds of thousands, the *Morning Star* and *Daily News* (cheers) stood fast by the Union and cheered the North on to put down the base falsehood that our Republic was no more—those who befriend our adverse days must be remembered when we are once again in prosperity. (Applause.) You will shortly see the *Times* come round and say: We always told you so. (Laughter.) Mr. Fergusson paid a beautiful tribute to England—the old story of the sun never setting and rising upon her dominions—(hear)—I endorse it all, although my endorsement may not be considered gold bars at the bank, (laughter,) but I am sure he will pardon me for taking all these beautiful ideas he applied to England, and let me adopt them for America. (Hear and laughter.) We want the sun never to rise, and set in the dominions of America. (Cheers.) I will use his very words—America is the land of freedom—the harbinger of progress and the champion of liberty. (Loud cheers.) And I am sure the reverend speaker will admit that there is many a true word spoken in earnest! (Laughter and cheers.) Another speaker alluded to America as a noble tree in a neighboring garden.—I will carry on the analogy by saying that this whirlwind of rebellion was needed to sweep through the branches and shake off the worm eaten fruit that has prevented the Union Pippins—

(cheers)—from growing to the size that God intended them to grow. (Cheers.)

What of debt—or taxes, or money—admit that it costs two hundred and fifty millions sterling. What is that? Why, only ten pounds apiece for the twenty-five millions of Unionists in the land. The country would be cheap at that, so let us pay off the whole next year and start afresh. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Adams has eloquently spoken for the Union. He represents a whole line of Presidential Kings, whose family pictures are in all our New England households. (Cheers.) And I well remember at school we were taught to repeat the words of Webster that he put in the mouth of the second President, the learned grandsire of our excellent Minister—"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration—it has been my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment-Independence now, and Independence forever." (Cheers.) I would add, Union now and Union forever. (Cheers.) Let me add a toast, as I take my seat. I got up for the ladies, and for the ladies I sit down. The fair faces of my countrywomen are full of the glow of patriotism—their eyes flash with fire—(laughter)—love of country, and home, and friends. (Cheers.) The loyal women of America have done their share, and are still at the post of honor and of duty. The sentiment I give, is,—Our Loyal Countrywomen: May they be united—*to a man!* (Loud laughter and cheers.)

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